

# LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

Fifth Series, }  
Volume LXXIV. }

No. 2451.—June 20, 1891.

{ From Beginning,  
Vol. CLXXXIX. }

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PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY  
LITTELL & CO., BOSTON.

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## A THEORY.

WHY do violins shudder so,  
When across them is drawn the bow,  
Sob for anguish and wild despair?  
Human souls are imprisoned there.

Souls are shut in the violins,  
They are the souls of Philistines;  
But the Philistines, row on row,  
Soulless sit and they do not know.

But they brandish their eye-glasses,  
Stare at each other's evening dress,  
Scrutinize form or brilliant hue,  
Say: "Is it rouge or is it true?"

"Some one was a flat semitone,  
And how stout the soprano's grown!  
Isn't the bass a dear? and oh,  
*Do* look at Mrs. So-and-so!"

Still the musicians play serene,  
As though Philistines had not been,  
But their souls in the violins  
Mourn on bitterly for their sins,

Call them wildly and call in pain,  
Call them with longing deep and vain,  
And with infinite tenderness,  
Since they can give them no redress.

Since not one of them is aware,  
Here is he and his soul is *there*,  
In the music's divinest chord,  
Making melody to the Lord.

So how often in life and art  
Soul and body must dwell apart—  
Great is the Master's soul, no doubt—  
Twenty Philistines go without.

Are we body or are we soul?  
Little matter upon the whole.  
Human soul in the violin,  
Save me at last, a Philistine!

Longman's Magazine. MAY KENDALL.

## THE COSSACK MOTHER'S LULLABY.

SLEEP, my baby, sleep, my darling,  
Baiushki Baio.

Calm the moonlight on thy cradle,  
Baiushki Baio.

I will chant thee ancient ballads,  
Tales of long ago,

While thou sleepest. Close thine eyelids,  
Baiushki Baio.

On the rocks the Terek rushes,  
Turbid, wild, and free;

On its banks the cruel foeman  
Whets his knife for thee.

But thy father is a warrior—  
Fear not thou the foe.

He will guard thee: sleep, my little one,  
Baiushki Baio.

Knowest thou not the time is coming

Thou shalt don the sword—

Sitting proudly in thy stirrups,

Ride, a warlike lord!

Gold-embroidered saddle housings

I myself will sew.

Sleep, my darling, sleep, my own one,

Baiushki Baio.

Thou shalt be a famous hero,

And the Cossack's pride;

I will come to see thee mounted

Boldly forth to ride.

All night I will spend in weeping

When I see thee go.

Sleep, my baby, sleep, my angel,

Baiushki Baio.

I shall wear myself with waiting,

Watching still for thee,

All day long in prayer that Heaven

Merciful will be.

I will wonder if thou'rt fainting,

Or if thou liest low.

Sleep, while yet no care thou knowest,

Baiushki Baio.

Thou shalt take a holy image

Ere thou leavest me.

When thou prayest to God, my darling,

Set it before thee:

And before the deadly battle

Let thy memory go—

Once to me, to me, thy mother,

Baiushki Baio.

Longman's Magazine.

## PLENTY OF TIME.

PLENTY of time—plenty of time!

O what a foolish and treacherous chime!

With so much to see, and so much to be  
taught,

And the battle with evil each day to be  
fought;

With wonders above us, beneath, and around,  
Which sages are seeking to mark and ex-  
pound;

With work to be done in our fast passing  
prime,

Can ever there be for us "plenty of time"?

Our schooling at most lasts a few score of  
years,

Spent in sunshine and shadow, in smiles or in  
tears;

While none are quite equal, howe'er they be  
classed,

And judgments too often are faultily passed.

'Twixt eternity past and its future to stand

Like a child sea-surrounded on one speck of  
land,

There to work out the duties that make life  
sublime,

Oh, surely there cannot be "plenty of time!"

Chambers' Journal. CAMILLA CROSLAND.

From The Quarterly Review.  
CANADA AND THE UNITED STATES:  
THEIR PAST AND PRESENT RELATIONS.\*

THE Canadian people can find some evidence of the growing importance of their Dominion by a reference to the official documents of the United States for several years past. When the fishery question was under consideration in 1869, President Grant expressed his surprise in one of his messages to Congress that the "imperial government should have delegated the whole, or a share, of its jurisdiction or control of its inshore fisheries to the colonial authority known as the Dominion of Canada, and that that semi-independent but irresponsible agent has exercised its delegated powers in an unfriendly way." When some years later it became necessary to appoint a commission to consider the value of the Canadian fisheries, opened up to the fishermen of the United States under the Washington Treaty of 1871, the secretary of state of that day, Mr. Hamilton Fish,—to quote the language of Mr. Blaine in his review of the correspondence between London and Washington on the subject,—“very sharply rebuked the interposition of the government of Canada,” because it had

pressed on the imperial authorities its right to be consulted as to the choice of commissioners who were to decide a question of such deep interest to the Dominion. Mr. Fish, among other things, said that “the reference to the people of the Dominion of Canada seems to imply a practical transfer to that province of the right of nomination which the treaty gives to her Majesty.” Coming down to a later time, when the Behring Sea difficulty arose to create some feeling between Canada and the United States, we find Mr. Blaine himself assuming the position that Canada, whatever might be her stake in the question at issue, should be considered of little weight, and that her government should be kept quietly in the background, whilst the statesmen of England and the United States settle matters with as little interference as possible from mere outsiders like the Canadians; in fact, just as they did in the good old times when Canada was a relatively insignificant country, and diplomatists of the republic had it generally all their own way. In the now famous correspondence on the question, Mr. Blaine displays some irritation that “the rights of the United States within Behring Sea and on the islands thereof are not absolute, but are to be determined by one of her Majesty’s provinces,” and even intimates his opinion that the English government should interpose and prevent any objection on the part of the “Province of Canada” to any arrangement that the imperial authorities may choose to make with the United States.

The iteration of the word “province” in these several State documents is some evidence that the public men of the United States do not yet appreciate the position of Canada in the British Empire, but believe that this aggregation of provinces, known constitutionally as the “Dominion of Canada,” possessing large rights of self-government, and an increasing influence in imperial councils, is still practically ruled in all matters by Downing Street, as in the days previous to the concession of responsible government. A little irritation on the part of American statesmen, however, is quite intelligible, when we consider that the political development of

\* 1. *Proceedings of the Royal Colonial Institute.* Vols. 1-21. London, 1869-1890.

2. *Canada: Statistical Year Book of Canada for 1889.* Government of Canada, Ottawa, 1890.

3. *The Old North-West.* By B. A. Hinsdale, Ph.D. New York, 1888.

4. *The Intercolonial Railway. A History, 1832-1876.* By Sandford Fleming, C.E., C.M.G. Montreal, 1876.

5. *Canada since the Union of 1841.* By John Charles Dent. Toronto, 1882.

6. *Canadian Studies in Comparative Politics.* By J. G. Bourinot, C.M.G., D.C.L. Montreal, 1891.

7. *Correspondence respecting the Behring Sea Seal Fisheries, 1886-1890.* Presented to both Houses of Parliament. London, 1890.

8. *Papers of the American Historical Association, 1890.* New York and London.

9. *A Treatise on International Law.* By W. E. Hall, M.A. Third edition. Oxford. At the Clarendon Press, 1890.

10. *Oregon: The Struggle for Possession.* By W. Barrows. Boston, 1884.

11. *History of the United States of America.* By James Schouler. Vols. 1-4. 1783-1847. New York, 1880-1889.

12. *Narrative and Critical History of America.* Edited by Justin Winsor, of Harvard University. Vols. 1-8. Boston and New York, 1889.

13. *Canada and the Canadian Question.* By Goldwin Smith, D.C.L. London, 1891.

Canada within a few years has been a sort of revelation to the United States, who, for a long time, were taught to believe that Canada was a relatively insignificant appendage of the British crown, whose interests were not considered of any importance in the case of negotiations between England and other nations, and that she could not possibly have any influence in the arena of international diplomacy. As we shall endeavor to show in the course of this paper, the political development of Canada has given her a position in the empire which makes her at last a factor in the affairs of the continent of America, and that the time has passed when her boundaries, and her territorial claims, can be made the mere shuttlecocks for ambitious and astute statesmen of the United States. Canada has won this position only after many sacrifices, and a stern fight against the ambitious designs of a powerful neighbor, not always animated by the most generous feelings towards the Dominion, and too often carried away by a belief in "a manifest destiny," which would eventually grasp the whole continent.

Indeed, when we look at the past history of America, we can well believe that there has been a destiny ever "shaping the ends" of the Canadian communities, however diplomatists and statesmen have endeavored to "rough hew" them in the early times of their development. In the beginning of the seventeenth century England and France entered on that contest for the supremacy in America which did not end for a hundred and fifty years. When the Treaty of Paris was signed in 1763, the results of French ambition in America were to be seen in a poor struggling colony on the banks of the St. Lawrence, and in a few settlements on the Illinois and in the Mississippi valley. The total population of these settlements did not exceed eighty thousand souls, of whom seventy thousand were living in the St. Lawrence valley. Even then the population of the thirteen colonies had reached one million one hundred and sixty thousand souls, or nearly fifteen times the French population of the St. Lawrence and Mississippi Basins. In wealth there

was no comparison whatever between the two populations. The people of the English colonies were full of commercial energy and the spirit of political freedom. The people of the French province were the mere creatures of a king's ambition, and their energies were chiefly devoted to exploration and the fur trade. The conflict that was fought in America for a century and more was a conflict of antagonistic principles — the principles of self government and free thought, against the principle of centralization and the repression of political liberty. Freedom was won on the plains of Abraham, and a great Frenchman and a great Englishman consecrated by their deaths on the same battlefield the future political union of two races on the northern half of the continent. Of the great events of history that have moulded national destinies none has had more momentous consequences than the conquest of Canada one hundred and thirty years ago. One consequence has been the development of a powerful federal republic now composed of sixty-two millions of people — the heirs of those free colonies which were founded by Englishmen and flourished under the influence of English principles of government. The second consequence has been the establishment of a federation known as the Dominion of Canada, possessing political institutions which give remarkable scope to individual energies, and enable the French Canadians themselves even now to look forward to the realization of those dreams of ambition, which were the incentive to action of many noble men in those brave old days, when France held the St. Lawrence and the illimitable region of the West. But this grand conception of an empire is in course of realization, not under the influence of French principles of government, but under the inspiration of those English institutions, which the experience of centuries proves are best calculated to develop political freedom, individual energy, and the finest qualities of human endeavor.

The conquest of Canada removed that fear of France which had long confined the whole thirteen colonies to the country between the sea and the Alleghanies, and



opened up at last to their adventurous sons that great West which in later times has had such wondrous effects on the commerce of America. The Treaty of Paris in 1763 was the end of French dominion on this continent. It was immediately followed by a proclamation from George III. establishing new governments in America as a result of the English acquisitions from France and Spain. East and west Florida were formed out of the Spanish possessions to the south of the thirteen colonies, and the old French colony was confined practically to the St. Lawrence, and was to be thereafter known as the government of Quebec. The English possessions now reached the east bank of the Mississippi River, while Spain held the great country to the west of the river, known as Louisiana. The claims of the thirteen colonies to the country between the Alleghanies and the Mississippi were not recognized by the British government. On the contrary, settlement was discouraged in that rich region, and there is every reason for the opinion that the English ministry of that day had determined to retain its control in their own hands, and not to give new opportunities for the expansion of the old colonies, whose restlessness and impatience of all imperial restraint were becoming quite obvious to English statesmen. But events, as usual, moved faster than the logic of statesmen. The war of American Independence broke out as a result of the practical freedom enjoyed by the colonies for a hundred years and more. The self-assertion of the thirteen colonies had its immediate results on the fortunes of Canada, for among the acts passed by the imperial government, in accordance with a new and vigorous policy of colonial government, was the statute known as the Quebec Act of 1774, which extended the limits of the Province of Quebec so as to include the country long known as the old North-West. This act was obviously intended — indeed, it appears to have been a sequence of the policy of 1763 — to confine the old English colonies to the country on the Atlantic coast, and to conciliate “the new subjects” of England, the French population of the St. Lawrence

and of the North-West, since it established a larger province with the civil law of the French *régime*, and removed the political disabilities under which the Roman Catholics had labored since the conquest of Canada. During the War of Independence impassioned appeals were made to the French of Canada to join the thirteen colonies against England; and with a curious ignorance of the conditions of a people who probably never saw a printed book, and who never owned a printing-press during the French *régime*, references were made to the writings of Beccaria and to the spirit of the “immortal Montesquieu.” With the same remarkable fatuity that has often prevented the people of the United States in these later days from understanding the feelings of Canadians, their predecessors in those early times attacked the Quebec Act as a measure of Roman Catholic tyranny at the very time they were asking the assistance of the French Canadians. Canada was invaded; and when Montgomery fell at Quebec, the tide of invasion was forced back into the rebellious colonies. The influence of the Quebec Act was from the outset felt throughout the country, and the dominant classes, the bishops and clergy of the Roman Catholic Church, and the principal French Canadian *seigneurs*, combined to preserve Canada to a country which had given such strong guarantees for the preservation of the civil and religious rights of its new subjects.

The period from 1774 to 1800 was one of great moment to Canada and the revolted colonies. The Treaty of 1783, which acknowledged the independence of the latter, fixed the boundaries to the two countries, and laid the foundation to fruitful controversies in later times. Three of the ablest men the United States can claim as its sons — Franklin, John Adams, and John Jay — succeeded, by their astuteness and persistency, in extending its limits to the eastern bank of the Mississippi, despite the insidious efforts of Vergennes on the part of France to hem in the new nation between the Atlantic and the Appalachian Range. The relatively little interest that was taken in Canada during the preliminary negotiations may

be easily deduced from the fact that Oswald, the English plenipotentiary, was even ready to listen to the audacious proposition made by Franklin for the cession of Canada to the new Federal Republic, a proposition which has apparently moulded the policy of the United States ever since. It is said of Oswald that when he returned to England with the draft treaty, and was questioned by London merchants on the subject, he "confessed his ignorance, and wept over his own simplicity."\* "The truth is," said Dr. Franklin, in a letter from Paris, "he (Oswald) appears so good and honorable a man, that though I have no objection to Mr. Grenville, I should be loath to lose Mr. Oswald." Well might the astute Franklin be "loath to lose" an envoy who conceded not only the territory west of the Alleghanies as far as the Mississippi, and valuable fishing rights and liberties on the banks and coasts of the remaining English possessions in North America, but also showed his ignorance of English interests by establishing boundaries, which, in later times, made Canadians weep tears of humiliation.

The United States now controlled the territory extending in the east from Nova Scotia (which then included New Brunswick), to the head of the Lake of the Woods and to the Mississippi River in the west; and in the north from Canada to the Floridas in the south, the latter having again become Spanish possessions. The boundary between Nova Scotia and the republic was so ill defined, that it took half a century to fix the St. Croix and the Highlands which were by the treaty to divide the two countries in the east. In the far west the line of division was to be drawn through the Lake of the Woods "to the most north-western point thereof, and from thence on a due west course to the river Mississippi," — a physical impossibility, since the head of the Mississippi, as it was afterwards found, was a hundred miles or so to the south. In later times this geographical error was corrected, and the curious distortion of the boundary-line, that now appears on the maps, was necessary at the Lake of the Woods in order to strike the 49th parallel of north latitude, which was subsequently arranged as the boundary-line as far as the Rocky Mountains. Of the difficulties that arose

from the eastern boundary-line we shall speak later.

With the acquisition of a vast territory, acquired by the earnest diplomacy of its own statesmen, the United States entered on that career of national development which has attained such remarkable results within a century. The population of the country commenced to flow into the West, and Congress passed the famous ordinance of 1787, providing for the organization of the Western territories, and the eventual establishment of new States of the Union. By 1800 the total population of the United States was over five millions of souls, of whom over fifty thousand were dwelling in the embryo States of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, and Wisconsin — the "old North-West." By 1800 a great change, too, had taken place in the material and political conditions of British North America. One of the most important results of the War of Independence had been the migration into the provinces of some forty thousand people, known as United Empire Loyalists, on account of their having remained faithful to the British Empire, and who during the progress of the war, but chiefly at its close, left their old homes in the thirteen colonies. Their influence on the political fortunes of Canada has been necessarily very considerable. For years they and their children were animated by a feeling of bitter animosity against the United States, the effects of which can still be traced in these later times when questions of difference have arisen between England and her former colonies. They have proved, with the French Canadians, a barrier to the growth of any annexation party in times of a national crisis, and have been in their way as powerful an influence in national and social life as the Puritan element itself in the Eastern and Western States.

In 1792 the imperial Parliament again intervened in Canadian affairs, and formed two provinces out of the old Province of Quebec, known until 1867 as Upper Canada and Lower Canada, and gave to each a Legislature composed of two Houses. The English-speaking people of the old Province of Quebec strongly protested against the act, but the younger Pitt, then at the head of affairs in England, deemed it the wisest policy to separate as far as practicable the two nationalities, instead of continuing their political union and making an effort to bring about an assimilation of language and institutions. It

\* See "Compressed View of the Points to be Discussed in Treating with the United States." London, 1814. Also, "Letters to the Right Hon. E. G. S. Stanley, M.P., upon the Existing Treaties with France and America." By G. R. Young, of Halifax, N. S. London, 1834.

was a policy intended to act in the interests of peace and harmony, since it was then believed in England by others besides Pitt, that the two races would more happily and successfully work out their political fortunes apart from each other in those early days.

The total population of all British North America did not at that time reach one hundred and eighty thousand souls, of whom at least one hundred thousand were French Canadians. Nova Scotia was then confined to her present provincial limits; New Brunswick extended from the Gulf of St. Lawrence on the east to the ill-defined boundary of Maine on the west, and from Lower Canada on the north to the Bay of Fundy and Nova Scotia on the south. Lower Canada was then confined to the country on both sides of the St. Lawrence River, from Labrador and the Gulf to the river Ottawa, which formed the eastern boundary of the province of Upper Canada, which extended indefinitely westward to Lakes Huron and Superior, and was bounded on the south by the St. Lawrence River, and the Lakes. By 1800 we find that the present Dominion and the United States had practically entered on the work of developing the great country now within their respective jurisdictions. The remarkable vigor and enterprise, displayed by the people of the new federation from the very commencement of their history as an independent nation, gave them a vantage-ground at the outset over provinces with diverse nationalities and interests, without any common bond of union except their fealty to England, whose public men and people, as a rule in those days, took little interest in their development, and many of whom always seemed possessed by the idea that it was only a question of time when these countries would be absorbed in the American Union of States. The period, which extends from 1800 to 1840, was distinguished by the remarkable progress made by the United States in population, wealth, and national strength. Spain and France left the valley of the Mississippi forever, and the United States at last possessed a vast territory extending on the north from British North America, the Hudson Bay Territory and Rupert's Land to the Rio Grande and the Gulf of Mexico on the south, and on the east from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean on the west, where the nation claimed a great range of coast reaching even beyond the Columbia River, and embracing the valuable Oregon country. The tide of population continued to

flow steadily through the passes and valleys of the Alleghanies and to build up the great West. By 1840 the total population of the United States was nearly eighteen millions, of whom one million five hundred thousand now lived in Ohio, seven hundred thousand in Indiana, five hundred thousand in Illinois, over thirty-one thousand in Wisconsin — all States carved out of that North-West which was once claimed by France, and might have remained in English hands, had English statesmen been more firm and had felt any confidence in the future of Canada. The Federal Union of 1789 had, during this period, increased from thirteen to twenty-six States — in itself very eloquent evidence of the material development of the country, and of the success of the federal system of government.

During this period of forty years Canada passed through some of the most trying crises of her history, which have largely influenced her political and material development to the present time. With the causes of the war of 1812 the Canadian people had nothing whatever to do; it was quite sufficient for them to know that it was their duty to assist England with all their might and submit to any sacrifices, which the fortunes of war might necessarily bring to a country which became the principal scene of conflict. No Canadians would willingly see a repetition of that contest between peoples who should be always friends, but they can nevertheless look back to the history of the struggle with the conviction that, wherever duty claimed the presence and aid of Canadians, they were ready and never failed to show their ability to defend their land and homes. The history of the battles of Queenston Heights, Stony Creek, Chrysler's Field, Chateauguay, and Lundy's Lane, shows that they were not won by English regulars exclusively, but that in all of them the Canadian volunteers well performed their part. At Chateauguay, Colonel de Salaberry, a French Canadian officer, with a small force of three hundred Canadians, gained so signal a victory over General Hampton, with at least four thousand men, that he was forced to retreat from Lower Canada. The war taught the United States that there was greater strength in Canada than they believed when they commenced hostilities. "On to Canada" had been the cry of the war-party in the United States for years; and there was a general feeling that the upper province could be easily taken and held, until the close of the struggle, when

it could be used as a lever to bring England to satisfactory terms or else be united to the Federal Union. The result of the war showed, however, that the people of the United States had entirely mistaken the spirit of Canadians, and that the small population scattered over a large region, with hardly a town of any large importance, was animated by a stern determination to remain faithful to England. Canadians came out of the conflict with a confidence they had never felt before and of their ability to maintain themselves in security on the St. Lawrence and the great lakes. Although the war ended without any definite decision on the questions at issue between the United States and England, the rights of neutrals were strengthened, and the pretensions of England as to the right of search are not likely to be urged again in times of war. But not only did the Canadians teach the people of the United States to respect them, they gained a practical advantage from the fact that it re-opened the question of the fisheries. We have already stated that the Treaty of 1783 had conceded large rights and liberties to the fishermen of the United States on the banks and coasts of Newfoundland and of the maritime provinces of British North America. The people of that country had claimed substantially that they had an original and prescriptive right in the fisheries which they had used as British subjects in North America. In the Treaty of 1783 they were given the "right" to fish on the Grand and other banks of Newfoundland and in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and "at all other places in the sea, where the inhabitants of both countries used at any time heretofore to fish;" but they were to have only "the liberty" of taking fish on the coasts of Newfoundland, and also of "all other of his Britannic Majesty's dominions in America; and also of drying and curing fish in any of the unsettled bays, harbors, and creeks of Nova Scotia [then including New Brunswick], Magdalen Islands, and Labrador, so long as the same shall remain unsettled." In the one case, it will be seen, there was a recognized right, and in the other only a mere "liberty" or privilege extended to the fishermen of the United States. This clause in the treaty was one of the concessions which Oswald conceded to the persistence of the American commissioners who attached great importance to the fisheries of the provinces; but after the close of the war of 1812, when it was necessary to consider the terms of peace, the English government took a decided

ground that the war had repealed these temporary liberties. The contention of the Federal government was to the effect, that the Treaty of 1783 was of "a peculiar character," and that because it contained a recognition of American independence it could not be even in part abrogated by a subsequent war between the parties that had agreed to its provisions. The propositions laid down by the British government in answer to this extraordinary claim, are unanswerable. In short, it was correctly argued that "the claim of an independent State to occupy and use at its discretion any portion of the territory of the other, without compensation of corresponding indulgence, cannot rest on any other foundation than conventional stipulation." To quote the language of an able English writer on international law, this "indefensible pretension" was abandoned in the Treaty of 1818, and "fishery rights were accepted by the United States as having been acquired by contract."\* The Convention of 1818 forms the legal basis of the rights, which Canadians have always maintained, in the case of disputes between themselves and the United States as to the fisheries on their own coasts, bays, and harbors of Canada. It provides that the inhabitants of the United States shall have forever the liberty to take, dry, and cure fish on certain parts of the coast of Newfoundland, on the Magdalen Islands, and on the southern shores of Labrador; but they "renounce forever any liberty, heretofore enjoyed" by them to take, dry, and cure fish, "on or within three marine miles of any of the coasts, bays, creeks, or harbors of his Britannic Majesty's other dominions in America;" provided, however, that the "American fisherman shall be admitted to enter such bays and harbors, for the purpose of shelter, and of repairing damages therein, of purchasing wood, and of obtaining water, and for no other purpose whatever." The American fishermen at the same time are to be "under such restrictions as may be necessary to prevent their taking, drying, or curing fish therein, or in any other manner whatever abusing the privileges hereby reserved to them." It seems that in the original draft of the treaty the word "bait" appeared after "water," but it was left out in the final agreement when the commissioners of the United States found that they must concede this and other liberties previously enjoyed, in order to obtain as extensive a territory as possible

\* Hall, pp. 97-99.



for inshore fishing. Between 1818 and 1854, when the Reciprocity Treaty was arranged between the United States and the provinces of British North America, fishing vessels belonging to the former country were frequently detained, seized, and in some cases condemned for evasions of the treaty.

With the exception of this acknowledgment of the fishery rights of the provinces, the war of 1812-1815 gave no special advantage to the Canadian people. England held during the war all the territory of Maine between the St. John and the Penobscot. Her flag also flew over Mackinaw, the key to the North-West. "It is not impossible," says an American writer, "that the war of 1812 for a time revived English hopes of again recovering the North-West. . . . Only three of the thirty-two years lying between 1783 and 1815 were years of war; but for one-half of the whole time, the British flag was flying on the American side of the boundary line. In the largest sense, therefore, the destiny of the North-West was not assured until the Treaty of Ghent."\* Had the English seized this opportunity of finally settling the western boundary of New Brunswick, the difficulties that afterwards arose might have been for once and all settled, and Canada would have obtained a territory most useful to the commercial development of the present Dominion. But in all probability the victories gained by the United States at Plattsburg and New Orleans had much influence in inducing England to come to terms with the republic, and it was fortunate for Canada that she was allowed to keep any control of her most valuable fisheries. Fate had decreed that the Mississippi River should flow continuously through the lands of the new nation, and that Canada should find in the valley of the St. Lawrence one of the chief sources of her prosperity and future greatness.

Before the close of the period which we are considering clouds again appeared on the Canadian horizon, arising out of the political troubles in Upper and Lower Canada. The representatives of the people in the several elective assemblies were demanding that the legislative councils should be elected by the people, that the people's House should have control of the revenues and expenditures, and that a larger measure of self-government, in short, should be conceded to the prov-

inces. In Upper Canada, as indeed was the case in all the provinces, a bureaucracy ruled, and the name "family compact" was given in derision to the governing class. The imperial authorities were no doubt dilatory in providing effective remedies; they were too often misled by choleric military governors, little versed in political science; they were frequently in a quandary on account of a division of opinion among the various provincial leaders who were suggesting means of settling existing difficulties. Looking calmly and dispassionately at the history of these times, we must admit that there is no reason to conclude that British ministers were disposed to do the people grievous injustice, and sooner or later the questions at issue must have found a satisfactory solution. But Papineau, an impassioned orator and a rash popular leader, led a number of his French Canadian compatriots into a rebellion which was easily repressed. In Upper Canada, a little peppery Scotchman of the name of MacKenzie, who had done much in the press and in the legislature to expose the defects and weaknesses of the political system, became impatient at the last, when public grievances failed to obtain ready redress, and followed Papineau's example only to see his conspiracy exposed and defeated before it obtained any headway. In no province were the mass of the people willing to join in a rebellion to gain political privileges which would be won in the end by steady constitutional agitation, and the exercise of a little patience on the part of its advocates. Papineau and some of his friends went into exile, and several unruly spirits suffered death on the scaffold, though on the whole the English government acted with lenity through this trying ordeal. MacKenzie fled to the United States, and industriously set to work to violate the neutrality of that country by collecting bands of ruffians in the city of Buffalo for the purpose of invading Canada. The consequence was, that the frontier of Upper Canada was kept for months in a state of fever by his criminal conduct, and the two countries were brought to the verge of war. The raiders seized an island just above Niagara Falls on the Canadian side, as a base of operations, and a vessel was freely allowed to ply between the island and the mainland with supplies. It became necessary to stop this bold attempt to supply the freebooters on Navy Island with the munitions of war, and a Canadian expedition was accordingly fitted out to seize the Car-

\* Hinsdale, *The Old North-West*, p. 185.

oline, the vessel thus illegally employed. She was cut from her moorings on the American side, her crew taken prisoners, one man killed, and the vessel set on fire and sent over the Falls of Niagara. This was clearly one of those junctures when no other means were available for protecting Canada from the lawless attacks of men who found the Caroline of great assistance in their intended raid on Canadian territory. The United States' authorities had made no special effort up to this moment to prevent this unwarrantable use of their soil by ruffians, and the Canadians were forced by every consideration of self-protection to take the law into their own hands. There was probably a technical violation of the territory of the United States, but looking now at the whole question dispassionately, one cannot help feeling that a little more determination on the part of the government of the United States would have prevented all the difficulty that afterwards arose when they demanded an apology for an act which was necessary on account of the absence of that "due diligence," which they afterwards pressed in the case of the Alabama. The government of the United States, however, subsequently recognized their obligations to Canada, and took measures to vindicate the neutrality of their territory.

As we have already said, the year 1840 was a turning-point in the history of the material and political development of British North America. The two Canadas were re-united under the name of the province of Canada, and the basis was laid for the complete measure of self-government that is now enjoyed by all the communities of the present Dominion. The total population of British North America now exceeded one million of souls, of whom at least six hundred thousand were French Canadians, who looked for a time with suspicion on the union, under the belief that it was a direct blow against their special institutions. As the years passed by, however, they found that they were treated in a spirit of justice, and were able to exercise a potent influence in political affairs. From 1840 to 1867 the relations of Canada and the United States became much closer, and more than once assumed a dangerous phase. In 1840 the authorities of New York arrested one Macleod on the charge of having murdered a man who was employed on the Caroline. It appeared, however, on enquiry, that Macleod had not actually assisted in the capture of the vessel, and that the charge rested on the doubtful evidence of some questionable

characters, who declared he had been heard to boast of his part in the exploit. The British government at once took the sound ground that, in any case, the destruction of the Caroline was a public act of persons employed in her Majesty's service, and that it could not be justly made the occasion of "legal proceedings in the United States against the individuals concerned, who were bound to obey the authorities appointed by their own government." The Washington government evaded the whole question at issue by throwing the responsibility on the State authorities, and declared that they could not interfere with a matter which was then within the jurisdiction of the State courts. The matter gave rise to much correspondence between the two governments, but happily for the peace of the two countries the courts acquitted Macleod, as the evidence was clear that he had had nothing to do with the actual seizing of the Caroline, and the authorities at Washington soon afterwards acknowledged their responsibilities in such affairs by passing an act directing that subjects of foreign powers, if taken into custody for acts done or committed under the authority of their State, "the validity or effect whereof depends upon the law of nations, should be discharged." The imperial government throughout this affair acted in a spirit of much forbearance, and simply with the object of obtaining the acknowledgment of a sound principle of international law, and it must be admitted that the Washington authorities showed an unwillingness to move determinately in the matter which was very irritating to Canadians, although allowance must be made for the fact that in those days the central government of the Federal Union was weak, and the principle of State sovereignty was being pressed to the extreme limit.

Two other questions were settled during this important period of Canadian history, after having imperilled the peaceful relations of the two countries for years. By 1840 the question of the disputed territory between Maine and New Brunswick had assumed grave proportions. In a paper of this character it is impossible to do more than give an outline of the opinions always entertained by Canadians on a question of a very complicated character, to which reams of literature have been devoted in the past. The first effect of the dispute on the material development of Eastern Canada was the failure of an effort that was made in 1835 to construct a line of railway from Quebec to St. An-



drew's on the Bay of Fundy, on account of the clamor raised by the people of Maine, on the ground that the road would run through territory which they claimed as their own. By the Treaty of 1783, the boundary was to be a line drawn from the source of the St. Croix, directly north, to the highlands which divide the rivers which fall into the river St. Lawrence; thence, along the said highlands to the north westernmost head of the Connecticut River; and the point at which the due north line was to cut the highlands was also designated as the north-west angle of Nova Scotia. The whole question had been the subject of several commissions and of one arbitration from 1783 to 1842, when it was submitted to Mr. Daniel Webster and Mr. Alexander Baring, who were chosen by the governments of the United States and England respectively, to arrange all matters of controversy between the two countries. The result was a compromise by which the United States obtained seven-twelfths, and the most valuable section of the disputed territory, and Canada a much smaller and comparatively valueless tract of land. In fact, after half a century of controversy, the English government gave up to the United States, in all, eleven thousand square miles of land, or the combined areas of Massachusetts and Connecticut. It would be impossible to disabuse the great majority of Canadians of the fixed idea, which has come to them as the heritage of those badly managed negotiations, that their interests were literally given away by the too conciliatory and amiable English envoy who knew nothing of the question, and was quite indifferent, like most Englishmen of those days, to Canadian matters. Lord Ashburton was practically pledged to a settlement at any price, even if it gave up all the territory in dispute to the United States. The isolated provinces in those days were endeavoring to establish the principles of local self-government on sound foundations, and had little or no opportunity of exercising any direct influence in imperial councils on this question. If we look at the map, we shall see at a glance the important effect of this settlement upon the territorial limits of the present Dominion. The State of Maine now presses like a huge wedge into the provinces of New Brunswick and Quebec. As already stated, the persistency of Maine, fifty years ago, stopped railway communications between the upper and lower provinces, and practically prevented the development of intercolo-

nial trade until after 1867. In these later times a "Canadian short line" railway has been forced to go through Maine in order to connect Montreal with Fredericton, St. Andrew's, and the maritime provinces generally.

During this period was settled another question which was the subject of much heated controversy between England and the United States for more than a quarter of a century, and in 1845 brought the two countries very close to war. In 1819 the United States obtained from Spain a cession of all her rights and claims north of latitude forty-two, or the southern boundary of the present state of Oregon. By that time the ambition of the United States was not content with the Mississippi valley, of which she had at last full control by the cession of the Spanish claims and by the Louisiana purchase of 1803, but looked to the Pacific coast where she made pretensions to a territory stretching from 42° to 54° 40' north latitude, or a territory four times the area of Great Britain and Ireland or of the present province of Ontario.\* The people of the United States, conscious at last of the importance of the territory, began to bring their influence to bear on the politicians, until by 1845 the Democratic party declared for "54° 40' or fight." Mr. Crittenden announced that "war might now be looked upon as almost inevitable." Happily President Polk and Congress came to more pacific conclusions after a good deal of warlike "talk," and the result was a treaty by which England was satisfied with the line 49° to the Pacific coast, and the whole of Vancouver Island, which, for a while, seemed likely to be divided with the United States. In fact England yielded all she had contended for since 1824, when she first proposed the Columbia River as a basis of division. But even the question of boundary was not finally settled by this great victory won for the United States by the persistency of her statesmen. The Treaty of 1846 continued the line of boundary westward along "the 49° parallel of north latitude to the middle of the channel which separates the continent from Vancouver Island, and thence southerly through the middle of the said channel and of Fuca's straits to the Pacific Ocean." Any one reading this clause for the first time, without reference to the contentions that were raised after-

\* See the *Quarterly Review* for 1845-6 (vol. 77, pp. 526-563), where the English case is ably argued in all its aspects. The case of the United States is fully stated in a recent work on Oregon, which is cited at the head of this paper.

wards, would certainly interpret it to mean the whole body of water that separates the continent from Vancouver, — such a channel, in fact, as divides England from France; but it appears that there are a number of small channels which run through the islands of the great channel in question, and the clever diplomatists at Washington immediately claimed the Canal de Haro, the widest and deepest, as the canal of the treaty. Instead of at once taking the ground that the whole body of water was really in question, the English government claimed another channel, Rosario Strait, inferior in some respects but the one most generally and indeed only used at the time by their vessels. The importance of this difference of opinion chiefly lay in the fact, that the Haro gave San Juan and other small islands, valuable for defensive purposes, to the United States, while the Rosario left them to England. Then, after much correspondence, the British government, as a compromise, offered the middle channel, or Douglas, which would still retain San Juan. If they had always adhered to the Douglas, which appears to answer the conditions of the treaty since it went through the middle of the great channel, their position would have been much stronger than it was when they came back to the Rosario. By the Reverdy Johnson agreement of 1867, the several issues connected with the clause — the whole channel or the small channels — were to be submitted to arbitration, but it never reached the Senate. The English representatives at the Washington Convention of 1871 attempted to have a similar reference, but the United States commissioners, aware of their vantage-ground, would consent to no other arrangement than to leave to the decision of the emperor of Germany the question whether the Haro or the Rosario channel came within the meaning of the treaty, and he decided in favor of the United States. However, with the possession of Vancouver in its entirety, Canada can still be grateful, and San Juan is now only remembered as an episode of diplomacy, which has practically closed the long series of perplexing boundary questions that have arisen since 1783. The United States can be well content with the grand results of their treaties and purchases. They have won in a hundred years or so the former possessions of Spain and France in the Mississippi valley, a large portion of New Brunswick, a tract of four millions of acres to the west of Lake Superior in the settlement of the north-west

boundary, another result of Daniel Webster's astuteness, and the magnificent region now divided among the states of Oregon, Washington, and Idaho. And we may add another acquisition of theirs — insignificant from the point of view of territorial area, but still illustrative of the methods which have won all the great districts we have named — Rouse's Point, "of which an exact survey would have deprived" the United States, according to Mr. Schouler in his excellent history. The question of the Alaska boundary alone remains unsettled, but it is a mere matter of exact surveying, and Canada is not likely to lose anything in that region, after the experience just mentioned.

During this period the fishery question again assumed considerable importance. The imperial authorities had supported the provincial governments in their efforts to keep United States fishermen from their fishing-grounds under the terms of the Convention of 1818. The government at Washington then began to raise the issue that the three miles' limit, to which their fishermen could be confined, should follow the sinuosities of the coasts, including the bays, the object being to obtain access to the valuable mackerel fisheries of the Bay of Chaleurs and other waters claimed to be exclusively within the territorial jurisdiction of the maritime provinces. The imperial government, generally, sustained the contention of the provinces — a contention practically supported by American authorities in the case of the Delaware, Chesapeake, and other bays on the coast of the United States — that the three miles' limit should be measured from a line drawn from headland to headland of all bays, harbors, and creeks. In the case of the Bay of Fundy, however, the imperial government allowed a departure from this general principle, when it was urged by the Washington government, that one of its headlands was in the territory of the United States, and that it was an arm of the sea rather than a bay. The result was that foreign fishing vessels were only shut out from the bays on the coasts of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick *within* the Bay of Fundy. All these questions were, however, placed in abeyance for twelve years by the Reciprocity Treaty of 1854, which opened up the provincial fisheries to the people of the United States on condition of free trade between the provinces of that country in certain natural products of the mines, fisheries, and farms, of the two peoples. This measure was in itself an acknowledgment of the growing

importance of the provinces, and of the large measure of self-government now accorded to them. The treaty only became law with the consent of the provincial legislatures, and although the Canadian governments were not directly represented by any of its members, the governor-general, Lord Elgin, who personally conducted the negotiations on the part of England at Washington, in this as in all other matters touching colonial interests, was assisted by the advice of his responsible ministers. The treaty lasted until 1866 when it was repealed by the action of the United States, in accordance with the provision bringing it to a conclusion after one year's notice from one of the parties interested. During the twelve years of its existence, the United States exported to British North America home products to the value of \$300,808,370, and foreign goods to the value of \$62,379,718; or, a total export of \$363,188,088. The imports from the provinces into the United States amounted to \$267,612,131. These figures, therefore, show a balance in favor of the United States of \$95,575,957.\* This statement, however, does not take into account the value of the provincial fisheries opened up to the fishermen of New England, but it may be estimated from the fact, as stated by Mr. Derby, a recognized authority in the United States on those subjects, that "during the two last years of the Reciprocity Treaty the United States had fishing in the Gulf of St. Lawrence and the Bay of Chaleurs no less than six hundred sail, which must have taken fish to the amount of \$4,500,000," and that "nearly one-fourth of the United States fishing fleet, with a tonnage of forty thousand to fifty thousand tons, worth \$5,000,000 to \$7,000,000 annually, fish near the three miles' limit of the provinces,"—"near" being evidently Mr. Derby's euphemism for "within."†

The causes which led to the repeal of a treaty so largely advantageous to the United States have been long well understood. The commercial classes in the Eastern and Western States were, on the whole, favorable to an enlargement of the treaty; but the real cause of its repeal was the prejudice in the North against the provinces for their supposed sympathy for the Confederate States during the War of the Rebellion. A large body of

men in the North believed that the repeal of the treaty would sooner or later force the provinces into annexation, and a bill was actually introduced in the House of Representatives providing for the admission of those countries—a mere political straw, it is true, but still showing the current of opinion in some quarters in those days. When we review the history of those times, and consider the difficult position in which Canada was necessarily placed, it is remarkable how honorably her government discharged its duties of a neutral between the belligerents.\* It is well, too, to remember how large a number of Canadians fought in the Union armies—twenty against one who served in the South. No doubt the position of Canada was made more difficult at that critical time by the fact that she was a colony of Great Britain, against whom both North and South entertained bitter feelings by the close of the war; the former mainly on account of the escape of Confederate cruisers from English ports, and the latter because she did not receive active support from England. The North had been also much excited by the promptness with which Lord Palmerston had sent troops to Canada when Mason and Slidell were seized on an English packet on the high seas, and by the bold tone held by some Canadian papers when it was doubtful if the prisoners would be released.

Contemporaneously with the repeal of the Reciprocity Treaty came the raids of the Fenians, bands of men who did dishonor to the cause of Ireland, under the pretence of striking a blow at England through Canada where their countrymen have always found happy homes, free government, and honorable positions. For months before the invasion, American newspapers were full of accounts of the assembling and the arming of these bands on the frontier of Canada. They invaded the Dominion, property was destroyed, and a number of Canadian youths lost their lives, and O'Neil and his collection of disbanded soldiers and fugitives from justice were forced back to the country whose neutrality they had outraged. The United States authorities, with their usual laxity in such matters, had calmly looked on while all the preparations for the raids were in progress, in the presence of large bodies of militia who could in an hour have

\* See speech of Sir Charles Tupper in Canadian House of Commons. Can. Hansard, 1888, vol. I, pp. 674-693.

† See Proceedings of the Royal Colonial Institute, 1872-3, pp. 56, 60.

\* Mr. Secretary Seward wrote on one occasion in a letter to the British representative at Washington: "I think it proper to let you know that the president regards with sincere satisfaction the conduct and proceedings of the Canadian authorities."

prevented these outrages on a friendly territory. Proclamations were at last tardily issued by the government when the damage had been done, and a few raiders were arrested; but the House of Representatives immediately sent a resolution to the president requesting him "to cause the prosecutions, instituted in the United States courts against the Fenians, to be discontinued if compatible with the public interest" — a request which was complied with. The writer on international law, from whom we have already quoted, says that "it would be difficult to find a more typical instance of responsibility assumed by a State through the permission of open acts and of notorious acts, and by way of complicity after the acts."\*

These raids took place at a critical period of Canadian history — the eve of Confederation. The time had come for enlarging the sphere of the political action of the provinces and giving them larger responsibilities. The repeal of the Reciprocity Treaty and the Fenian invasions helped to stimulate public sentiment in favor of a political union which would enable them to take common measures for their general security and development. In 1867, as the result of the conference of provincial delegates who assembled at Quebec in the autumn of 1865, the imperial Parliament passed an act establishing a federal union between the provinces of Canada (now divided into the provinces of Ontario and Quebec), New Brunswick, and Nova Scotia, and providing for the acquisition of the North-West Territories, and the admission of other provinces. This union was of a federal character, a central government having the control of national or common objects, and provincial governments having control of purely provincial, municipal, and local matters. In 1867-8 the first Parliament of United Canada met at Ottawa, and the provincial legislatures at their respective seats of government; and the Dominion — not the "province" — of Canada entered on a career of political and industrial development which is now making its influence felt over half a continent.

Before and since the union, the government of Canada have time and again made efforts to renew a commercial treaty with

the government at Washington. In 1865 and 1866 Canadian delegates were prepared to make large concessions, but were unable to come to terms chiefly on the ground that the imposts which it was proposed by the committee of ways and means in Congress to lay upon the products of the British provinces on their entry into the markets of the United States were such as, in their opinion, would be "in some cases prohibitory, and certainly seriously interfere with the natural course of trade." The delegates were reluctantly brought to the conclusion that "the committee no longer desired trade between the two countries to be carried on upon the principle of reciprocity." The result of these negotiations was to convince the people of Canada that, while they should be always ready to listen to any fair proposition from their neighbors in the direction of reciprocity, they should at the same time seek to open up as many new avenues of trade as possible, and not depend on the caprice of their neighbors. In 1869 Sir John Rose, while minister of finance, made an effort in the same direction, but he was met by the obstinate refusal of the Republican party, then as always highly protective.

All this while the fishery question was assuming year by year a form that was most irritating to the two countries. The headland question was the principal difficulty, and the English government, in order to conciliate the United States at a time when the Alabama question was a subject of anxiety, induced the Canadian government to agree, very reluctantly it must be admitted, to shut out foreign fishing vessels only from bays less than six miles in width at their entrances. In this, as in all other matters, however, the Canadian authorities acknowledged their duty to yield to considerations of imperial interests, and acceded to the wishes of the imperial government in almost every respect, except actually surrendering their territorial rights in the fisheries. They issued licenses to fish, at low rates, for several years, only to find eventually that the American fishermen did not think it worth while buying these permits when they saw that the regulations for protecting the fisheries could be evaded with little difficulty. The result of the correspondence that went on for several years was the Washington Conference or Commission of 1871, which, in its inception, was intended to settle the fishery question primarily, but which actually gave the precedence to the Alabama difficulty —

\* Hall, p. 215, note. This same writer also refers to the disposition shown by the United States in 1879 to press State responsibility to the utmost extreme against Great Britain, when Sitting Bull and some Sioux Indians took refuge in the North-West Territories of Canada, and there was some reason to expect that they would make incursions into the United States territory. See Wharton, Digest, sect. 18.



then of most concern in the opinion of the London and Washington governments. With the settlement of the Alabama question, and the three new rules laid down at the outset, as the basis of arbitration, we have nothing to do in this present article, and we can only say that Canadians as well as Englishmen might well be satisfied that a troublesome international difficulty was at last amicably arranged. The representatives of the United States would not consider a proposition for a renewal of another reciprocity treaty on the basis of that of 1854. The questions arising out of the Convention of 1818 were not settled by the commission, but were practically laid aside for ten years by an arrangement providing for the free admission of salt-water fish into the United States, on condition of allowing the fishing vessels of that country free access to the Canadian fisheries. The free navigation of the St. Lawrence was conceded to the United States in return for the free use of Lake Michigan and of certain rivers in Alaska. The question of the coasting trade, long demanded by the maritime provinces, was not considered, and while the canals of Canada were opened up to the United States on the most liberal terms, the Washington government contented themselves with a barren promise in the treaty to use their influence with the authorities of the States to open up their artificial waterways to Canadians. The Fenian claims were abruptly laid aside, although, had the same principle of "due diligence" that was laid down in the new rules been applied to this question, the government of the United States would have been mulcted in heavy damages. This question above all others should have been settled on terms which would have shown the disposition of a great country to do justice to a neighbor who had, under the most trying circumstances, kept a due check upon her sympathies, so that even Mr. Caleb Cushing\* was unable to detect a flaw in her conduct. In this, however, as in many other negotiations with the United States, Canada felt she must make sacrifices for the empire, whose government wished all causes of irritation between England and the United States removed as far as possible by the treaty. One important feature of this commission was the presence, for the first time in the history of treaties, of a Canadian statesman. The astute prime minis-

ter of the Dominion, Sir John Macdonald, was chosen as one of the English high commissioners, avowedly with the object of acknowledging the interest of Canada in the questions involved. Although he was but one of five English commissioners, and necessarily tied down by the instructions of the imperial State, no doubt his knowledge of Canadian questions was of great service to Canada during the Conference. If the treaty finally proved more favorable to the Dominion than it at first appeared to be, it was owing largely to the clause which provided for a reference to a later commission of the question, whether the United States would not have to pay the Canadians a sum of money, as the value of their fisheries over and above any concessions made them in the treaty. The result of this commission was a payment of five millions and a half of dollars to Canada and Newfoundland, to the infinite disappointment of the politicians of the United States who had been long accustomed to have the best in all bargains with their neighbors. No fact shows more clearly the measure of the local self-government at last won by Canada and the importance of her position in the empire, than the fact that the English government recognized the right of the Dominion government to name the commissioner who represented Canada on an arbitration which decided a question of such deep importance to her interests. We see, then, as Canada gained in political strength, she obtained an influence of imperial Councils which Mr. Fish resented at the time, and was able to obtain that consideration for her interests which was entirely absent in the days of her infancy and weakness.

The Washington Treaty lasted for twelve years, and then the clauses relating to the fisheries and to trade with Canada were repealed by the action of the United States government.\* During its existence the Canadian ministry sent to Washington one of the ablest public men of the Dominion—a man especially versed in matters of trade and finance—with the object of arranging, if possible, a measure of reciprocity with the United States. Mr. George Brown was quite ready, presumably with the assent of his government, not only to revive the old Reciprocity Treaty but to extend its terms largely so as to admit various other articles free of duty into Canada; but the proposed ar-

\* He was one of the counsel for the United States at the Geneva Conference for the settlement of the Alabama claims.

\* Arts xviii.-xxi. Art xxix., allowing goods to pass in bond through the two countries, was not repealed in express terms when the fishery articles were terminated, but has ever since remained in force.

agement never passed the Senate of the United States. With the expiry of the Treaty of 1871 on the 1st of July, 1885, the relations between Canada and the United States again assumed a phase of great uncertainty. President Cleveland showed every disposition, until near the close of his administration, to come to some satisfactory adjustment of the question at issue, and suggested in one of his messages that it was "in the interests of good neighborhood and commerce," that a commission should be "charged with the consideration and settlement, upon a just, equitable and honorable basis, of the entire question of the fishing rights of the two countries." Canada from 1885 adhered to the letter of the Convention of 1818, and allowed no fishing vessels to fish within the three miles' limit, to transship cargoes of fish in her ports, or to enter them for any purpose except for shelter, wood, water, and repairs. For the infractions of the treaty several vessels were seized, and more than one of them condemned. A clamor was raised in the United States on the ground that the Canadians were wanting in that spirit of friendly intercourse which should characterize the relations of neighboring peoples. The fact is, the Canadians were bound to adhere to their legal rights — rights which had been always maintained before 1854; which had remained in abeyance between 1854 and 1866; which naturally revived after the repeal of the Reciprocity Treaty of 1854; which again remained in abeyance between 1871 and 1885; and were revived when the United States themselves chose to go back to the terms of the Convention of 1818. The Canadian people had again and again shown every disposition to yield a large portion of their just rights — first by the Treaty of 1854, and secondly by the Treaty of 1871 — in return for a substantial commercial arrangement and a due acknowledgment of the value of their fisheries; but they were not prepared to see their territorial waters recklessly and unlawfully invaded by a class of men, who, since 1783, seemed to consider they had a perfect claim to the Canadian fishing-grounds. If there was a system of government in the United States, such as exists in England and Canada, requiring unity of action between the legislative and executive authorities, perhaps we would not have to record such unsatisfactory results as followed President Cleveland's efforts to adjust satisfactorily the relations of his country with Canada. Congress

passed a measure before the presidential election of 1888, which, had it ever been carried out by the president, meant non-intercourse with the Dominion — a measure which may have resulted in consequences to both countries we do not like to consider for a moment. It would be well to remind the politicians in Congress that such measures are often like the Australian boomerang, and the experience of the non-intercourse acts that preceded the war of 1812 can hardly sanction a repetition of such a policy in these later times. The repeal of the bonding system and interference with the transportation facilities of Canadian railways could hardly benefit the commerce of the United States, whatever might be the effect of such an unwise policy on Canada itself.

Both President Cleveland and Mr. Secretary Bayard, in a statesmanlike spirit, obtained the consent of England to a special commission to consider the fishery question; Sir Sackville West, Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, and Sir Charles Tupper represented England; Mr. Bayard, then secretary of state, Mr. Putnam of Maine, and Mr. Angell of Michigan University, represented the United States. Sir Charles Tupper, the present high commissioner of Canada in London, is one of the ablest statesmen of the Dominion, and as a Nova Scotian was specially qualified to guard Canadian interests. At the opening of the commission, he attempted to obtain a basis of action on the general proposition which he submitted, that "with a view of removing all clauses of difference in connection with the fisheries, the fishermen of both countries shall have all the privileges enjoyed during the existence of the fishery clauses of the Washington Treaty of 1871, in consideration of a mutual arrangement providing for greater freedom of commercial intercourse between the United States and Canada." The United States commissioners refused to consider the proposition, on the ground that such a measure of commercial intercourse "would necessitate an adjustment of the present tariff of the United States by Congressional action; which adjustment the American plenipotentiaries consider to be manifestly impracticable of accomplishment through the medium of a treaty under the circumstances now existing." However the commissioners agreed unanimously to a treaty which was essentially a compromise, as, indeed, all such treaties must be in the nature of things. Foreign fishermen were to be at liberty to go into any waters where the bay was



more than ten miles wide at the mouth, but certain bays, including the Bay of Chaleurs, were expressly excepted in the interest of Canada from the operation of this provision. The United States did not attempt to acquire the right to fish in the inshore fishing-grounds of Canada—that is within three miles of the coasts—but these fisheries were to be left for the exclusive use of the Canadian fishermen. More satisfactory arrangements were made for vessels obliged to resort to the Canadian ports in distress, and a provision was made for allowing American fishing-vessels to obtain supplies and other privileges in the harbors of the Dominion whenever Congress allowed the fish of that country to enter free into the market of the United States. President Cleveland in his message submitting the treaty to the Senate, acknowledged that it “supplied a satisfactory, practical, and final adjustment, upon a basis honorable and just to both parties, of the difficult and vexed question to which it relates.” The Republican party, however, at that important juncture—just before a presidential election—had a majority in the Senate, and the result was the failure in that body of a measure, which, although by no means too favorable to Canadian interests, was framed in a spirit of judicious statesmanship, and, if agreed to, would have settled for all time, in all probability, questions which have too long been sources of irritation to the two countries.

While these events were taking place the Dominion of Canada was extending its limits across the continent, developing a great railway system, and making steady strides in the path of national progress. The vast region which extends from the head of Lake Superior to the Rocky Mountains, and from the Lake of the Woods and the forty-ninth degree of north latitude to Hudson Bay and the Arctic Ocean, the home of the Indian and the fur-trader for centuries, whose capabilities for settlement had been studiously concealed from the world by a great fur monopoly, was added to the territory of the Dominion, and the new province of Manitoba was established with a complete system of local government. Prince Edward Island, a rich spot in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, came into the union, and the Dominion was extended as far as the Pacific Ocean by the admission of British Columbia. Two noble islands, with great fisheries and coal mines, Cape Breton and Vancouver, now guarded the Atlantic and Pacific shores of the Dominion. A great

line of railway spanned the continent from the Straits of Canso to the Gulf of Georgia, as a result of the new energy and national spirit developed by the union. Population flowed slowly yet steadily into the territories, and there is now a cordon of cities, towns, and villages stretching from Port Arthur at the head of Lake Superior to Vancouver, that city of marvellous growth on the Pacific coast.

As a sequence of the acquisition of British Columbia, Canada has been compelled to take an active part in the consideration of a question of some gravity that has arisen between England and the United States, in consequence of a cruiser of the latter country having forcibly seized, and carried into a port of Alaska, certain Canadian vessels engaged in the seal fisheries of the great body of sea known in these times as Behring Sea. A perusal of the blue-book containing the correspondence on the subject between London, Ottawa, and Washington, shows that from the beginning to the end of this controversy the imperial government has consulted with the government of Canada on every point material to the issue. As an English statesman determined to maintain the interests of all sections of the empire, Lord Salisbury has paid every respect to the opinions and statements of the Canadian ministry in relation to a matter which deeply affects Canada, and has pursued a course throughout the negotiations which has done much to strengthen the relations between the parent State and the dependency. Without going fully into this vexed question, we shall simply state the principal arguments advanced by the imperial and Canadian authorities in maintaining their case.

1. That certain Canadian schooners, fitted out in British Columbia, and peaceably and lawfully engaged in the capture of seals in the northern Pacific Ocean, adjacent to Vancouver Island, Queen Charlotte Islands, and Alaska—a portion of the territory of the United States acquired in 1867 from Russia—were seized in the open sea, out of sight of land, by a United States cutter, although being at the time at a distance of more than sixty miles from the nearest land. These vessels were taken into a port of Alaska, where they were subjected to forfeiture, and the masters and mates fined and imprisoned.

2. That the facts of these seizures showed the English and Canadian governments that the authorities of the United States appeared to lay claim to the sole sovereignty of that part of Behring Sea

lying east of the westerly boundary of Alaska, as defined in the first article of the treaty between the United States and Russia in 1867, by which Alaska was ceded to the United States, and which includes a stretch of sea extending in its widest part some six hundred or seven hundred miles easterly from the mainland of Alaska.

3. That these proceedings were in direct violation of established principles of the law of nations, as urged in former times by the United States.

4. That the United States, through their secretary of state, Hon. John Quincy Adams, emphatically resisted in 1822 a claim made by a Russian ukase to sovereignty for one hundred miles distant from the coasts and islands belonging to Russia in the Pacific Ocean, north of the fifty-first degree of latitude. That Russia subsequently relinquished her indefensible position and agreed to a convention, first with the United States, and subsequently with England, recognizing the rights of navigation and fishing by those nations in any part of the Behring Sea within limits allowed by the law of nations.

5. That the municipal legislation of the United States, under which the Canadian vessels were seized and condemned and their masters and mates fined and imprisoned, in an Alaskan court, could have no operation whatever against vessels in Behring Sea, which is not in the territorial waters of the United States; that any claim to exclusive jurisdiction on such seas is opposed to international law, and no such right can be acquired by prescription.

6. That the Canadian vessels captured in the Behring Sea were not engaged in any proceeding *contra bonos mores*, as urged by Mr. Blaine, inasmuch as such a rule is only admissible in the case of piracy or in pursuance of a special international agreement. All jurists of note have acknowledged this principle, and President Tyler, in a message to Congress in 1843, pressed the point that with the single exception of piracy "no nation has in the time of peace any authority to detain the ships of another upon the high seas on any pretext whatever outside the territorial jurisdiction." That discreditable traffic, the slave-trade, might well be considered *contra bonos mores*, but the government of the United States would not consent to any English ship visiting and searching a suspected ship floating their flag, and yet the capture of seals is now a more serious affair than human slavery in the estimation of the Washington secretary of state.

7. That the British government has always claimed the freedom of navigation and fishing in the waters of the Behring Sea outside of the usual territorial marine league from the coast; that it is clearly impossible to admit that "a public right to fish or pursue any other lawful occupation on the high seas can be considered to be abandoned by a nation from the mere fact that for a certain number of years it has not suited the subjects of that nation to exercise it;" and it must be remembered that British Columbia has come into existence as a colony, and her seal industry has become important only within a very recent period.

8. That the Canadian government, in their desire to maintain as friendly relations as possible with the United States, have stated to the imperial government their readiness to consider any international arrangement for the proper preservation of the seal; but before such an enquiry is agreed to they expect that the question raised by the seizures of the Canadian vessels shall be settled according to the law of nations, and that the claim of indemnity now in the hands of her Majesty's government shall be fully settled.

9. That her Majesty's government are quite ready to agree that the whole question of the legality of the seizures in the Behring Sea, and the issues dependent thereon, shall be referred to an impartial arbitration.

From this summary it will be seen that the issues raised by the English and Canadian governments are very clear — that the seizures of Canadian vessels were illegal — that the United States have no special or exclusive rights in this open sea under any recognized principle of international law. The whole tenor of Mr. Blaine's last despatches has been in the direction of the indefensible ground, that the Behring Sea and its fisheries occupy an altogether exceptional position among the seas and fisheries of the world, but no authority of note, American or European, has supported his argument; and it is impossible to explain how the secretary of state could raise the issue of an offence against good morals, when it could have no application to the fisheries in question, and could in any case have no value or force except by international agreement — an agreement which would only bind the parties who might make it. If the United States have any exclusive rights beyond those based on intelligible and generally admitted principles of reason and the law

of nations, let them be explained and settled in a court of arbitration; and, if there is any necessity for a close season, let it be decided by experts in such matters. The question in itself chiefly involves the profits of a commercial monopoly; and were it not for the extraordinary pretensions urged by the United States government—pretensions which they would have been the first to disavow, indeed were the first to repudiate in the past, and which no nation could under any circumstances maintain for a moment in the face of the world—no difficulty whatever could have occurred in a matter which should have been long ere this settled at once by common agreement.

The Canadian government, with the approval of the imperial authorities, has given additional evidence of its desire to settle this vexed question with as little delay as possible by taking the necessary steps for bringing the whole subject of the legality of the seizures of Canadian vessels on the high sea before the Supreme Court, the highest tribunal in the United States. That court has already consented to consider a petition for a writ of prohibition to prevent the district court of Alaska from proceeding to carry out its decree of forfeiture in the case of the schooner *Sayward*, libelled for unlawfully taking seals in the Behring Sea. The case comes up in April, and it is hoped that the great tribunal, to which the Canadians so confidently appeal, will be able to go into the whole question at issue. If so, it will be a triumph of law over uncertain and crooked diplomacy.

The part that Canada has taken in this matter is in itself an illustration of her importance in imperial councils and of the vastness of her territorial domain which now stretches from the Atlantic to the Pacific. One hundred and thirty years ago the term "Canada" represented an ill-defined region of country watered by the St. Lawrence and the Great Lakes, inhabited by a few thousand Frenchmen living chiefly on the banks of the St. Lawrence and its tributaries. English-speaking people then came into the country and settled in the maritime provinces, on the St. Lawrence, and on the lakes; representative institutions were established, commerce was developed, and by 1792, five provinces, governed in the English way, were established from Cape Breton to the western limits of Ontario. For many years the indifference of English statesmen, and the ignorance which until relatively recent times prevailed with re-

spect to the value of Canada as a home for industrious people, retarded her material and political development. Isolated provinces, without common aspirations or national aims, had no influence over imperial councils in matters which were arranged by English diplomatists solely; whilst the federal republic, a union of free, self-governing states, had always in view the promotion of their national strength and territorial aggrandizement. England, Spain, France, Mexico, and Russia, in turn, contributed their share to her ambition; and more than once, when discontent reigned and hope was absent, the ability of Canada to hold her own on this continent, in the opinion of not a few, seemed to be steadily on the decline. But self-government in all matters of local concern changed the gloomy outlook to one of brightness and hope, and a spirit of self-reliance developed itself among statesmen and people, until confederation united all the provinces in a union which alone could enable them to resist the ambition of their restless neighbor. Forty-four States in 1890, with a population of over sixty-two millions of souls, against a population of four millions in 1790; with a total commerce of exports and imports to the value of \$1,400,000,000, against \$43,000,000 in 1790; with a national revenue of more than \$300,000,000, against \$41,000,000 in 1790, now represent the federal union, once composed of thirteen States, the basis of the nation's greatness. Despite all the powerful influences that have fought against Canada, she has held her own in America. In 1890 a population of five millions against one million in 1840, with a total trade of \$230,000,000 against \$25,000,000 in 1840, and with a national revenue of nearly \$40,000,000 against \$700,000 in 1840, inhabit a dominion of seven regularly organized provinces, and of an immense territory, now in course of development, stretching from Manitoba and Ontario to the foothills of the Rocky Mountains, and northerly to a great region watered by the Peace, Athabasca, Slave, and MacKenzie rivers, and possessing a climate and soil, according to recent explorations, capable of supporting millions. This Dominion embraces an area of three millions five hundred and nineteen thousand square miles, including its water surface, or very little less than the area of the United States with Alaska, or a region with a width of three thousand five hundred miles from east to west, and one thousand four hundred miles from north to south. Its climate and resources are

those of the northern, middle, and western states. No dangerous question like slavery exists to complicate the political and social conditions of the union; and although there is a large and increasing French Canadian element in the Dominion—the heritage of the old French *régime* in America—its history so far should not create fear as to the future except in the minds of sectarian and sectional pessimists who are too often raising gloomy phantoms of their own imaginings. While this element naturally clings to its national language and special institutions, yet it has, under the influence of a complete system of local self-government, taken as active and earnest a part as the English element in establishing and strengthening the confederation. The expansion of the African race in the Southern States is a question of the future for the federal republic which its statesmen will find much more difficult than any that Canadian statesmen have to solve on account of the existence of a French nationality who possess the lively intelligence of their race, exercise all the privileges of self-government, and, above all things, must comprehend that their true interests lie in a prosperous Canadian confederation, and not in union with a country where they would eventually lose their national identity. The federal union gives expansion to the national energies of the whole Dominion, and at the same time should afford every security to the local interests of each member of the federal compact. In all matters of Dominion concern, Canada is a free agent. While the queen is still the head of the executive authority, and can alone initiate treaties with foreign nations—that being an act of complete sovereignty—and appeals are still open to her Privy Council from Canadian courts within certain limitations—it is an admitted principle that so far as Canada has been granted legislative rights and privileges by the imperial Parliament—rights and privileges set forth explicitly in the British North America Act of 1867—she is practically sovereign in the exercise of all those powers as long as they do not conflict with treaty obligations of the parent State or with imperial legislation directly applicable to her with her own consent. It is true that the queen in council can veto acts of the Canadian Parliament, but that supreme power is only exercised under the conditions just stated, and can no more be constitutionally used in the case of ordinary Canadian

statutes affecting the Dominion solely, than can the sovereign to-morrow veto the acts of the imperial Parliament—a prerogative of the crown still existent, but not exercised in England since the days of Queen Anne, and now inconsistent with modern rules of Parliamentary government. In a limited sense there is already a loose system of federation between England and her dependencies. The central government of England, as the guardian of the welfare of the whole empire, co-operates with the several governments of her colonial dependencies, and by common consultation and arrangement endeavors to come to such a determination as will be to the advantage of all the interests at stake. In other words, the conditions of the relations between England and Canada are such as to ensure unity of policy as long as each government considers the interests of England and the dependency as identical, and keeps ever in view the obligations, welfare, and unity of the empire at large. Full consultation in all negotiations affecting Canada, representation in every arbitration and commission that may be the result of such negotiations, are the principles which have been admitted by England of late years in acknowledgment of the development of Canada and of her present position in the empire, and any departure now from so sound a doctrine would be a serious injury to the imperial connection and an insult to the ability of Canadians to take a part in the great councils of the world.

Canada then is no longer a mere province, in the old colonial sense of the term, but a Dominion possessing many of the attributes of a self-governing nation. Her past history is not that of a selfish people, but of one ever ready to make concessions for the sake of maintaining the most friendly relations between England and the United States. Every treaty that has been made with the United States has been more or less at the expense of some Canadian interest, but Canadians have yielded to the force of circumstances, and to reasons of national comity and good neighborhood. Canada has been always ready to agree to any fair measure of reciprocal trade with her neighbors, but this paper has shown that all her efforts in that direction have been fruitless for years. The two political parties since 1867, the year of confederation, have been avowedly in favor of reciprocity, and the differences of opinion that have grown up between them since 1879, when the present government adopted a so-called na-



tional policy or system of protection, have been as to the extent to which a new treaty with the United States should go; whether it should be, generally speaking, on the basis of the Treaty of 1854, or a complete measure of unrestricted reciprocity, or, in other words, free trade in the manufactured as well as in the natural products of the two countries. This issue was formally raised at the general election which took place on the 5th of March last. At the very beginning of the contest the organs of the government published an official communication, addressed by the governor-general in December last to the secretary of state for the colonies, in which the desire is expressed for the opening up of negotiations with Washington for the purpose of arranging, if possible, a reciprocal measure of trade on the basis of 1854, "with the modifications required by the altered circumstances of both countries," and with such "extensions" as are assumed to be "in the interests of Canada and the United States," as well as in the hope of coming to satisfactory conclusions with respect to the fisheries, the coasting trade, wreckage, and the boundary between Alaska and the Dominion. The leader of the government, Sir John A. Macdonald, also issued an address in which he emphatically set forth the reasons why he claimed a continuance of the support he had received from the country since 1878. Having expressed his determination "to build up on this continent, under the flag of England, a great and powerful nation," he went on to vindicate the "national policy of his government as the source of the national and industrial development of Canada up to the present time, and to oppose the policy of 'unrestricted reciprocity' on the ground that it must involve, among other grave evils, discrimination against the mother country, and inevitably result in the annexation of the Dominion to the United States." In answer to this emphatic appeal of the veteran prime minister, Mr. Laurier, the leader of the opposition, arraigned "the national policy upon every claim made in its behalf," and defended the policy of his party, "which is absolute reciprocal freedom of trade between Canada and the United States." As to the charge that "unrestricted reciprocity" would involve discrimination against England, he met it, "squarely and earnestly." "It cannot be expected," he wrote, "it were folly to expect, that the interests of a colony should always be identical with the interests of the mother-land. The day

must come when from no other cause than the development of the national life in the dependency, there must be a clash of interests with the mother-land; and in any such case, much as I would regret the necessity, I would stand by my native land." He denied the proposition that "the Canadian tariff would have to be assimilated to the American tariff, a proposition that involves discrimination against England." In his opinion, "reciprocity can be obtained upon an assimilation of tariffs, or upon the retention of its own tariff by each country." The people of Canada, he believed, would not have reciprocity at the price of "consequences injurious to their sense of honor or duty to themselves or the mother-land." To the charge of the prime minister that unrestricted reciprocity is "veiled treason," he gave a negative in unmeasured terms.

With the minor party issues that have complicated this important contest for the political supremacy in Canada, we have nothing to do in this historical review of events affecting the relations of Canada and the United States. We have confined ourselves to a brief statement of the nature of the vital issue which has been directly submitted to the people of the Dominion. The result of the contest, after some weeks of heated controversy—and England can assuredly teach her dependencies nothing in this respect—has been, so far as we can judge from the data before us, to give Sir John Macdonald's ministry a majority over the whole Dominion of above thirty in a House of two hundred and fifteen members, against an average majority of fifty in the last Parliament. The expression of public opinion in Canada appears to be decidedly in favor of some fair measure of trade with the United States, but the problem is whether the dominant party in that country under existing circumstances will be content with a moderate treaty on the basis of that of 1854, with such changes as will meet the later condition of things. As already indicated, while the present government favors restricted reciprocity, they are pledged to maintain the general principles of the national policy, and to agree to no measure that will discriminate against the parent State. The gravity of the political situation for some time to come must be intensified by the fact that, while the party of unrestricted reciprocity has been defeated in the Dominion as a whole, it has developed strength in the provinces of Ontario and Quebec, where the total representation of one hundred and fifty-seven

members is nearly divided between the government and the opposition, and it is obvious that the contest between the two commercial policies has but commenced. Looking at the question from the point of view of an impartial observer, we can see that Canada is entering upon a very critical period in her history. She has reached that stage when all the antagonistic elements arising from those differences of nationality, geographical situation, and commercial interests, that exist in a Dominion stretching for three thousand five hundred miles between two oceans, must complicate its questions of government and require a careful, sagacious, and steady hand at the helm. Canadians are now practically the masters of their own destiny. From this time forward they have to face political, financial, and commercial problems, which it will require no ordinary statesmanship to solve wisely, and which must test to the very utmost their patriotism, their fidelity to an old and cherished connection, and their ability to preserve their political autonomy on the continent, and build up a great and prosperous nation, always in close alliance, we trust, with England.

In the mean time, while the Canadian people are endeavoring to establish themselves firmly in America, it is earnestly to be hoped that any negotiations, which their government may be able to enter upon with the authorities at Washington with the view of bringing about a settlement of all questions at issue between the two countries, will be eventually successful, now that a new and more liberal Congress has been elected by the people of the United States, and that the McKinley Bill has been unequivocally condemned by the public opinion of the republic. One thing is certain, and that is, the Canadian people, since 1866, have been taught the great lesson of self-reliance, and the necessity of developing all those qualities which are essential to the unity and security of their Dominion.\* Conscious of the success that must be the reward of courage and energy, Canada is prepared to meet the difficulties of the future with confidence, and asks nothing from her great competitor except that consideration, jus-

tice, and sympathy, which are due to a people whose work on this continent has just begun, and whose achievements may yet be as remarkable as those of the great federation to their south. The same mysterious Providence, that has already divided the continent of America as far as the Rio Grande between Canada and the United States, and has in the past prevented their political fortunes becoming one, still forces the Canadian communities with an irresistible power to press onward until they realize those high conceptions which their statesmen and people already imagine for them in a not distant future; but whilst the stream of Canadian development refuses to turn aside from its natural channel and swell the current that is ever carrying forward the federal republic to so high a position among the nations, Canadians wish Godspeed to their neighbors in their unparalleled career, and trust, as the months pass by, that the clouds which hang over the two countries may disappear, and a brighter prospect of continuous friendship may open before them both.

From Macmillan's Magazine.  
SAMELA.

#### A TRAGEDY IN THE LIFE OF A BOOK-HUNTER.

##### I.

SOME ten or twelve years ago—the date is of no importance or the exact place—an Englishman wandered down to the north of Scotland and invested some of his superfluous capital in a salmon river. Such an adventurer is often but poorly repaid for his enterprise. He generally finds that the water, which was low on his arrival, becomes lower during his first week, while for the remainder of his stay it is merely sufficient to keep the bed of the stream moist, and give the grouse something to drink. Or there is too much water; the river is running too big, and the fish make their way to quieter stretches above. And it now and then happens, when everything else seems right, that the fish are not up, or, if up, are able to find more profitable occupation for their spare time than taking artificial flies. In such wise the honest angler often makes his complaint. But this fisherman was more fortunate. During his month it rained a little almost every night, while four out of the five Sundays were regular specimens of Scotch downpours. It was very soothing, when lying awake at night,

\* The present governor-general of Canada, Lord Stanley of Preston, speaking from the high standpoint of an English statesman, anxious for the welfare of Canada, has of late seized every opportunity that has offered itself of pressing upon the Canadians the necessity of cultivating this spirit of self-reliance, and of facing all the difficulties of the present and the future "in a manly and hopeful spirit." Sympathetic speeches of this character keep alive an English feeling, and maintain the unity of the empire.



to listen to the drip of water on the roof, or the gurgle of a choked-up pipe in the yard—a lullaby to a fisherman on the dry north-east coast. On Sundays, too, clad in rain-proof garments, it was pleasant to splash across the hill to the little church, and listen to the minister holding forth to his small congregation of keepers and shepherds, translating as he went, passages from the psalms and lessons for the benefit of his southern hearer.

This paper has nothing to do with salmon fishing, or it would be a pleasant task for us to give a minute and detailed account of the good sport which this Englishman—Mr. John Gibbs—enjoyed; to describe with accurate pen the skill with which he chose the temptations he offered to the fish, and the courage and coolness he displayed in the struggles which ensued. There is, however, something monotonous in continuous success, and it is just possible that the reader, after devouring with avidity the description of the first twenty or thirty battles, might then become a little wearied, a little sated, and wish for a blank day.

Gibbs eat salmon till he hated the sight of it, and he sent fish away to his friends to an extent which almost made the landlord think that the next dividend of the Highland Railway would be affected; four, five, six,—even eight fish in a day. “What slaughter!” some would say, who perhaps get their supplies by nets. But his honest soul was never vexed by such a thought. He knew over how many blank days that white month should rightly be spread to get a fair average, and he abated not a whit of his skill, or let off one single fish if he could help it.

The recipient of one of these salmon—a friend in the south—was the innocent cause of the adventure which shortly after befell Gibbs. After thanking him for the fish the letter went on to say: “I see by the *Courier* that there is to be a sale at Stratham, so I suppose that old MacIntyre is dead. The old boy was very kind to me years ago when I had your water, and used often to give me a day on his pools, which were very good. He had some wonderful books, and as you are fond of such things you should go over and have a look at them. He said they were worth a lot of money. There was one—of Shakespeare’s—‘Hamlet,’ or ‘The Merry Wives,’ or one of those, which he used to sit and look at as if it was alive. I thought it was an inferior old article myself, but then perhaps I wasn’t a very good judge.”

Our fisherman was very fond of books,

though so far as the great science of bibliomania went he was uneducated; a man who knew ever so much less about such matters than Mr. Quaritch might know a very great deal more than he did. But there must have been something of the blood of the old collectors in his veins. He could at any time spend a pleasant morning in poking about a second-hand bookseller’s shop, and regarded with indifference the dust which settled on him in the course of his examinations. He loved the touch and feel of books, their backs and sides and edges, even the smell which hangs about the more ancient, seldom-opened specimens. A catalogue had a charm for him which he would not have found it very easy to give a reason for,—certainly not one which would have satisfied any of his friends, who were for the most part of the pure sportsman breed, and who would have as soon occupied their time in reading a grocer’s or an ironmonger’s list as a secondhand bookseller’s. Gibbs did not parade his little weakness before these friends; he found them unsympathetic, with souls above the arrangement of type and the width of margins. A large paper copy, or one with the headlines and the edges mercilessly cropped, was to them a book and nothing more; they cared nothing for the work of the old printers, and you might call over the names of all the famous binders without arousing any enthusiasm in their minds.

“‘Hamlet,’ or ‘The Merry Wives of Windsor,’ or one of those!”—what possibilities were opened up by these random words! Gibbs knew that the sale was to take place the next day, for his gillie (who was on the eve of being married) wished to attend it, to pick up something for his house, and another man had been engaged to take his place. Now the Englishman resolved not to fish at all but to go also himself.

The sale was advertised to begin at twelve, but it was well before that time when the intending purchasers were deposited at the scene of action, but a short time ago the home of the head of one of the most ancient clans in Scotland. Stratham, as he was universally called, had been an embarrassed man. He had never been able to take in the world the position which was certainly his by birth. His wife had long been dead, he had no children, and for years he had led almost the life of a hermit, seeing few people except his bailiff and house servants. Then he died, and a great concourse of people

came together from far and wide to attend him to his grave. He had been poor and little known and of little power in the world; but he was the chief of a great clan, and hundreds of men of his name came together to do him empty honor.

The house had the usual desolate appearance which houses have at such times. People were going in and out, poking and measuring furniture, and laughing and joking as if a sale was the best fun in the world. The lawn in front of the house was littered with odds and ends; it seemed as if the rubbish of half the county had been collected there that day. Gibbs went into the principal sitting-room, a dingy, faded place; some of the bedroom furniture had been brought in to sell there, and half filled it up; the carpet was rolled up in a corner, and near the door the chocolate-colored paper was hanging on the walls, where careless people had banged it when bringing things in. There had probably not been a fire in the room for weeks, and the air was heavy and mildewy. But Gibbs had no thought for furniture or color, or even smells that day. Up against one side of the room was a long, low bookcase, and as he walked across to it his heart began to jump a little at the possibilities which lay therein.

The collection was quite a small one. Perhaps there were five or six hundred books in the room, the majority of which were unspeakably uninteresting. There were many old works on agriculture, a great number of theological treatises, Hume and Smollett's histories, a broken set of Rees' encyclopædia, and a common edition of the earlier poets; the bulk of the shelves were filled up with material such as this. But here and there in the last shelf examined were some books of quite a different kind, shining out from among their worthless companions as gold dust does in sand. It was plain that while the majority had stood their ground there for many years — perhaps ever since they were bought by their first owner — that the few had been well cared for, and had not till quite recently been in the bookcase at all. Some one, looking through the old man's effects, had found them in a drawer or cupboard, and had stuck them at random into the nearest shelf where there was room. There were several books illustrated by Rowlandson, the "Three Tours of Dr. Syntax," the "Cries of London," a fine copy of Goldsmith's "Vicar of Wakefield." Some of Cruikshank's rarest works were there; the first

edition of "German Popular Stories," — what a dealer would call a spotless copy, in the original boards, as fresh and crisp as if it had just been sent out from the publisher's office. There was his "Hans in Iceland," with its strange, wild etchings, his "Life in Paris," a large paper edition in the salmon-colored wrappers just as it was issued. Interested and excited as Gibbs would have been at these discoveries at any other time he had no thought now but for the quarto. It was not among the illustrated books, and he searched again below among the larger volumes in the bottom shelf. There stood Penn's "Quakers," as it had stood for perhaps a hundred years, defying dust and damp and draughts in its massive binding. There were old French and Spanish dictionaries, a good edition of Tacitus in several volumes, the genuine works of Josephus, and Gerard's "Herbal." What was this dingy, calf-covered thing lying on the top of the rest, more in folio than in quarto size? Gibbs drew it out, and when he had opened it he gave a kind of gasp, and looked round to the door to see if he was alone. The quarto was merely loosely stitched into the calf binding which had evidently been made for a larger book; it had been kept with the greatest care, and seemed without a flaw or blemish; it was quite untouched by the knife, and some leaves at the end were still unopened, — left so probably to show the perfect virginity of its state. It was not the history of the Merry Wives which lay imbedded in its pages, nor yet that of the Danish Prince, but — "A Pleasant and Conceited Comedie called Loues Labors Lost. As it was presented before her Highness this last Christmas. Newly corrected and augmented by W. Shakespere."

It was manifest to Gibbs that those who had the management of the sale knew nothing of the value of this book or of the few other treasures in the room; they were all to be placed on the same footing as Josephus, or Dickinson's "Agriculture," and sold for what they would fetch. He had been hoping and trusting that this would be the case ever since he heard of the quarto, but now, when his wishes were fulfilled, and he found himself, so far as could be seen, the master of the situation, certain qualms began to pass over his mind. The casuistical question of what was the right thing to do troubled him a little. If he had come across the quarto on a stall and the bookseller in charge, — presumably a man who knew at least the

elements of his trade — had asked a ridiculously small price for it — well, Gibbs would not have thought it necessary to enlighten another man as to his business; he would have pocketed the volume and gone home with it rejoicing. But if on a casual call on a poor and infirm widow he had espied it lying on a shelf, and had gathered that, if he gave the owner half a sovereign, he would not only rejoice her heart but be held up to the neighbors as a man who had done a kind and generous deed for the sake of the poor, the question would have presented itself in a much more difficult light. Gibbs hoped in this case that he would have the courage to tell the old lady that her book was a great deal more valuable than she imagined, and that he would give her at any rate a fair proportion of what it was worth. But here was quite a different affair. The old laird had left no family; his property went to a distant relation whom he had cared little about; he of course must have known the value of his treasures, but he had left no will, no paper saying how they were to be disposed of. Could it be possible (thought Gibbs with a shudder which ran all through him) that it was his bounden duty to go to the manager of the sale and say: "Here is a priceless edition of Shakespeare, of whose value you are evidently ignorant; it is worth £200, £300, for aught I know, £500; it is absolutely unique. Take it to Sotheby's — and let my reward be the consciousness that I have put a large sum of money into the pocket of a perfect stranger." If this were so, then Gibbs felt that on this occasion he would not do his duty; he felt so sure that the attempt would be a failure that it seemed to him better not to make it, and he could, moreover, always make the graceful speech and hand the book over after the sale. So he put the quarto carefully back and went off in search of the auctioneer. As he left the room a thrill of virtuous self-satisfaction suddenly came over him, which went far towards allaying the qualms he had felt before. He might have put the Grimms into one pocket, and "Hans of Iceland" into the other, and buttoned the quarto under his coat, and it was ninety-nine to one hundred that no one would be the wiser or feel the poorer. And he knew that many men would have done this without thinking twice about it, and in some queer way or other have soothed their consciences for the wicked act. It was with a swelling heart that Gibbs thought of his trustworthiness and honesty. But lest there should be others about with hands not so much

under control as his, he resolved to take up his quarters in the room, or at any rate never be very far from it, so as to be in a position to counteract possible felonies.

The auctioneer was a stout, moon-faced man, with no doubt a fair knowledge of cattle and sheep and the cheaper kinds of furniture. His resonant voice could be heard all over the house: "For this fine mahogany table — the best in the sale — with cover and extra leaves complete — will dine twelve people — thirty shillings, thirty-five shillings, thirty-seven and six! Who says the two nots?" And when he had coaxed the "two nots" out of the reluctant pocket of the Free Church minister, he quite unblushingly produced another table superior to the first, which was bought by the doctor for five shillings less, and which was the means of causing a slight coolness between the two worthy men for a week or two. There are few more dreary ways of spending a day than in attending a sale of furniture when you don't want to buy any.

At last the books were reached. The bedsteads, the chairs, the kitchen things, the bits of carpet on the stairs and landing were all disposed of, and the auctioneer seated himself on a table in front of the shelves, while his assistant handed him a great parcel just as they had stood in line. Gibbs had satisfied himself that everything that was of any value to him was in the furthest corner of one of the lowest shelves; but now at the last moment a fear crept over him that his examination had been too casual and hurried, that lurking in some cover, or bound up perhaps in some worthless volume, there might be something too good to risk the loss of. Some books, too, had been taken out by the country people, and might not have been put back in the same places. So he decided that for his future peace of mind it was necessary to buy the whole assortment.

It is related in the account of the ever-memorable sale of the Valdarfer Boccaccio that, "the honor of firing the first shot was due to a gentleman of Shropshire . . . who seemed to recoil from the reverberation of the report himself had made." No such feeling seemed to possess the mind of the individual who first lifted up his voice in that room. He was a short, stout, red-faced man, the "merchant" of the "toun," as the half-dozen houses in the neighborhood were called, and being also the postmaster and the registrar for the district, he had something of a literary reputation to keep up. In a measured and

determined voice he started the bidding. "I'll gie ye — ninepence," and then he glared all round the room as if to say, "Let him overtop that who dares!" "A shilling," said Gibbs. "And — threepence," retorted the merchant, turning with rather an injured face to have a good look at his opponent. "Half a crown," went on Gibbs — how he longed to shout out, "Twenty pounds for the lot!" But he feared to do anything which would make the audience, and still more the auctioneer, suspicious. This hundred per cent. of an advance secured him the first lot, and the young clerk pushed over to him a collection which a hurried examination showed to be three odd volumes of the Annual Register, three volumes of Chambers's Miscellany, and the third volume of "The Fairchild Family."

The second lot were by this time laid on the table; there seemed to be something more of the Register in it, and a dull green octavo gave some promise of a continuation of Mrs. Sherwood's excellent romance. The postmaster again began the fray with the same offer as before. "I'll not bid for that trash," said Gibbs to himself, and it seemed as if the government official was to have his way this time. But just as the auctioneer's pencil, which he used as a hammer, was falling, Gibbs was seized with a sudden fright at the bare possibility of something valuable being concealed somewhere in the unpromising heap; "Half a crown!" he called out in a great hurry, and the spoil was again his own. His surmise as to the Register was correct, but the green covers enclosed the "History of Little Henry and his Bearer" — a work also by the amiable Mrs. Sherwood. When the next lot of books were put up the postmaster wheeled round and faced Gibbs, deserting the auctioneer, and as our friend saw that various neighbors were poking his opponent and whispering encouragement to him, he anticipated that the fight was to become warmer as it grew older.

"Ninepence," said the local champion, fixing a stern eye on Gibbs. "Five shillings!" replied the latter, thinking to choke him off. "Six!" cried the merchant, the word escaping him almost before he knew what he was about. "Ten!" called out Gibbs. Then there was a pause. It was evidently the wish of the audience that their representative should carry off the prize this time, and show the haughty stranger that he could not have it all his own way, that they, too, even in Ross-shire, knew something of the value of books.

All those who were near enough to Mr. MacFadyen, the postmaster, to nudge him and whisper encouragement to him, did so. With a frowning, meditative face the old warrior, trying to keep one eye on Gibbs and the other on the auctioneer and squinting frightfully in consequence, stood, revolving no doubt many things in his blameless mind. "And — threepence!" he gasped out at last, and there went a "sough" through the assembly, and some almost held their breath for a time, so awed were they at his persistence, and at the magnitude of his offer. Gibbs, staring at the dusty heap, thought he would risk the loss of it, — a more hopeless-looking collection he had never seen. And it was perhaps advisable to let this old man have something, or he might grow desperate when desperation would be dangerous. So he smiled a bland refusal to the auctioneer, and that worthy, after trying in vain for about five minutes to get another threepence of an advance, had to let the heap go. The postmaster was at once surrounded by an eager circle of friends, and each book was carefully examined and criticised. They were for the most part old sermons, but an odd volume of Molière having got by chance in among them was at once pounced upon, and Gibbs could hardly keep from laughing outright at the reverence with which it was treated. "It's Latin!" whispered one. "Ay, or Greek!" suggested another. "If it's no Gaelic!" interposed a snuffy-faced old shepherd, who had arrived very early in the day with three dogs, and had examined and criticised everything in the house without the faintest intention of spending a farthing.

"Here is an elegant work," said the auctioneer, after he had allowed a long interval to give time for the inspection of the Gaelic treasure; "an elegant work by William Shakespeare" — Gibbs looked sharply up — "adorned with cuts — most suitable, with other beautiful and interesting volumes. Shall I say ten shillings again?" But no, he need not — at any rate no one would corroborate him, and the whole collection became the property of John Gibbs for the sum of one shilling. And so it went on — sometimes there was competition, sometimes not; the postmaster was inclined to rest on his laurels, and nearly every lot was knocked down to the Englishman. They worked along the shelves and at last reached the Cruikshanks. But by these happy country folk the drawings of the great artist were set on a level with those in the Penny Encyclopædia; the Grimms attracted no attention; a little



more respect was paid to the "Thrift" and the "Life of Napoleon" owing to the gaudy coloring, but yet Gibbs became the possessor of them for a few shillings, uncut, spotless copies as they were. Then they had to work along the last bottom shelf, but here, as the books were mostly folios and quartos and fat to boot, they were got quickly through. Gibbs let go Penn's "Quakers," for he could read the title, and a Latin dictionary, and some old theological works. When the quarto on which his eyes had been glued so long was reached, his heart was beating so he felt afraid his neighbors would hear it. "Love's Labor Lost," slowly spelt out the auctioneer, "a comedy by William Shakespeare; a most" — he was at a loss for a suitable adjective, and fell back on the old one — "a most — elegant work — by William Shakespeare."

Then there was a pause and a hush. Perhaps the people were tired; the excitement of the sale was over, — for them. But to one man present there it almost seemed as if the quiet which fell for a little while over the crowd in that shabby room was due to something more than this, was in some way an act of homage paid unconsciously and involuntarily to the greatest of all the sons of men. It seemed a profanation to offer for that book the fraction of a shilling or a pound. It was the last, and, before the merchant could get out his offer, Gibbs made his own and electrified the room. "Five pounds!" he cried out in so loud a voice that his next neighbor — a meek old woman in a mutch — jumped as if a snake had bitten her. Some question as to the perfect sanity of the fisherman had found place in the minds of the wiser and more experienced people in the room as they listened to his rash offers, and thought of the perfect impossibility of any one wanting to have so many books all at the same time. But all doubts were now dispelled, and three good-looking girls who had edged up close to Gibbs to have a quiet examination of him now shrunk away in obvious alarm. The moon-faced auctioneer was visibly affected — during his long experience he had never seen a book sold for the fifth part of such a price. And what sort of a man was this to offer it when, if he had waited half a minute longer, he would have secured what he wanted for a couple of shillings? But Gibbs cared for nothing of this now — they might call him and think him what they pleased — and he pushed up to the table and claimed the precious volume. He soon set the auc-

tioneer's mind at rest, "I will wait," he said, "till you make out my account." Then he stood there — perhaps at that moment the happiest of all mankind.

"I should like to have had that fine volume of Shakespeare for my daughters," said the auctioneer, as he handed Gibbs the receipt, "but you are such a determined bidder there is no standing against you. A London gentleman, I presume — might you be from London?"

"You are welcome to the Shakespeare," replied Gibbs, ignoring the question. "It is — an elegant volume. And it is a family edition, which adds to its value. You may safely trust it to your daughters." Profuse were the happy father's thanks for the gracious present.

An old lady had in the earlier part of the day purchased a large and substantial box for eighteenpence; Gibbs now hunted her out and offered her a sovereign for it. The old person was flustered almost out of her life at such a premium, and it evidently aroused some suspicion in her mind that the stranger might know more about its value than she did. It was not until she had examined every corner of it many times over, and taken counsel with all the friends and relations she could get hold of, that she consented to part with it — even then following it up-stairs for one more search for possibly hidden gold. Into this box Gibbs put first his prizes, and then the most respectable part of the remainder of his library. But the *Annual Registers* and the *Miscellanies* and the green-backed works by Mrs. Sherwood he strewed recklessly about the room, and astonished the people who from time to time cautiously came in to have a look at him, by telling them that they could take what they liked away. With a wary eye on the donor the books were removed, and many a happy home in that remote district is even now indebted to his generosity for the solid collection of works which adorn its humble shelves. If the constant perusal of "*L'Industrie Française*," the "*Géographie Ancienne Abrégée*," the "*Grammaire Espagnole Raisonnée*," or the "*Histoire de Henri le Grand*," have in any way soothed the sorrows, lightened the labors, and improved the morals of the crofters in this part of the north of Scotland the praise and the reward is due to John Gibbs the fisherman, and to no one else. If, as the old story-books say, the books have never been removed, there they are still.

Then the two men started on their way home. We said just now that Gibbs was perhaps for a short time the happiest man

in the world; in making that remark we did not take into consideration Archie's feelings. He had bought a flaming yellow-red mahogany horse-hair sofa, three chairs, a clock-case, and an umbrella-stand, and above all a bed,—a real old-fashioned, seven feet by five-and-a-half erection, with a sort of pagoda on the top. That he had only a "but and ben," with stone and mud floors, twelve by fourteen feet each, and a door leading to them little more than two feet wide, had not yet caused him any anxiety. But we believe that before that seven-foot bedstead was got through that two-foot door the good-looking young woman, to whom half of it might be said to belong, expressed her opinion of his judgment in a way which made him shake in his shoes, strong and able man as he was.

When Gibbs reached the inn with his precious cargo he came in for the end of what had evidently been a serious disturbance. The landlord was undergoing with what patience he might the angry reproaches of a little old man, who with uplifted finger emphasized every word he uttered. The stranger had his back to the doorway, as had also his companion, a tall lady in a grey tweed dress.

"It's most provoking and annoying," cried the old man. "I took particular care to write the name of your infernal place plainly!—I believe you got the letter!"

"I got no letter," replied the landlord, "or I should have sent the machine."

"But you should have got it!" cried the old man furiously, "and I'll find out who is responsible! It's scandalous!—it's ——" he stuttered with rage at a loss for a word.

"You've lost a good day's fishing, Mr. Gibbs, I doubt," said the landlord, looking as if he would rather like to get out of the corner in which the new-comers had caught him; they had cut him off coming down-stairs and blocked the lower step.

"And I'll see that whoever is responsible suffers for it," went on the old gentleman in a very threatening way; "I'll show you —"

"Oh, man!" said the landlord at last, roused to retaliate, "I got no letter. And I do not care the crack of my thumb for you or your letter, or your threats, or your responsibilities! Here's a gentleman who has just come from the sale and he'll tell you there was naething in it but a wheen sticks and books and rubbish,—a wheen auld chairs and pots!"

The strangers turned round at once to

see who was appealed to. The man had a little red, angry face and a long beard,—you will see fifty like him in any town in a day's walk. His companion would have attracted some attention anywhere; Gibbs got to know her face pretty well in the course of time, but though he felt it was what is called a striking one he never knew exactly why. He would have said that her hair was neither dark nor light, that her eyes were grey, her mouth and nose both perhaps rather large, and that she had full red lips—a commonplace description enough which would answer perhaps for three or four out of every dozen girls you meet. She was very tall—she stood a head and shoulders over her companion—and her figure, though it would have been large for a smaller woman, was in just proportion to her height. She put her hand on the old man's arm, as if to check his impetuosity, and threw oil on the troubled waters as it is befitting a woman should do.

"It is really of little consequence," she said, "though it was provoking at the time. We only wished to have got some remembrance—of an old friend. I have no doubt that there was some mistake at the post-office. Come!" and with a pretty air of authority she led the old grumbler into the sitting-room.

Gibbs was by no means what is called a classical scholar. He had wasted—so it seemed to him—a good many years of his life in turning Shakespeare and Milton into very inferior Greek and Latin verse, and since he left Oxford had never opened a book connected with either of the languages—unless it was to see who the printer was. But he had a misty recollection of some passage which described how a mortal woman walked like a goddess, and he thought that then for the first time he understood what the old writer meant,—he knew then for the first time how a goddess moved.

If a traveller had passed by that lonely inn at midnight, he would have seen a bright light burning in one of its windows. And if he had returned two, or three, or even four hours later, he would have seen it still burning, shining out like a beacon over the wild moors. The salmon-fisher had forgotten his craft, the politician his newspaper, the admirer of goddesses that such creatures ever existed upon the earth. It was very late, or early, before Gibbs had finished his investigations and retired to his bed, and then his sleep was not a pleasant or a restful one. Unless it is pleasant to have hundreds of other peo-



ple's poor relations standing in endless ranks, holding out thin and empty hands for help; unless it is restful to have to drive a huge wheelbarrow along in front of them, heavy at the commencement of the journey with first editions, uncut, of the quartos, but gradually growing lighter and lighter as they one by one slipped down the pile, and fell off on to the muddy roadway.

## II.

Two parties cannot be long together in a small country inn without getting to some extent to know each other. Gibbs began by the little services which a man can always render to a lady, opening doors, lending newspapers, and so forth. A dog, too, often acts as a sort of introduction to two people who are fond of that animal; and the fisherman was the possessor of a small, short-legged, crust-colored, hairy creature, answering to the name of Growley, which soon twined itself round the lady's heart, as it did round all with whom it came in contact.

The travellers' name was Prendergast. They had evidently not intended to make a stay in Ross-shire, having brought little with them, but in a few days a considerable addition to their baggage arrived. The old man seemed to be something of a naturalist. He wandered about the moors with a green tin-box kind of knapsack on his back, but he said little about his captures, and Gibbs taking no interest in such pursuits never asked leave to see what was in it. He also wrote a good deal. The daughter, who rejoiced in the quaint and uncommon name of Samela, spent most of her time sketching; whenever it was fine she was out of doors, and even pretty damp weather did not discourage her if she was in the humor. Clad in a short, grey, homespun dress, shod with strong but shapely boots, with an immense umbrella over her head, she was able to defy the elements if they were not very unpropitious. She met Gibbs's little civilities frankly and pleasantly, but never seemed to look for them; he rarely saw her when he was on the river, and when they did by chance meet, a nod and a smile were often all that were vouchsafed to him. Gibbs was perhaps a sufficiently susceptible young man, but just now fishing was his object, and he had no leisure for flirting even if he had found any one willing to meet him half-way. But still at spare times he caught himself thinking about the lady more than he did about her father or the innkeeper, or any one else

about the place. At lunch-time, and when smoking his evening pipe, sometimes even when changing a fly to give a pool another cast over, her fair image rose up before him. Dinner had hitherto been a somewhat comfortless meal, hastily consumed, with one eye on the *Scotsman* and the other on a mutton chop. But now he was sure of meeting one pleasant face at any rate, and he enjoyed relating his adventures on the river, and looking at Miss Samela's sketches afterwards. Her father was no acquisition to the party; he was generally in a bad temper, and he seemed for some reason to have taken a dislike to Gibbs. An old man with a good-looking daughter is sure of attention and politeness on the part of a young man, but in this case the civilities seemed thrown away — there was little friendly response. Still Samela was always pleasant, and so Gibbs minded the less the somewhat brusque behavior of the old collector of curiosities.

One afternoon the former, who had been fishing near the inn, went in there to get something he wanted, and on his way back overtook Samela, sauntering along with a large sketching-block under her arm.

"Will you come and draw a fight with a salmon, Miss Prendergast?" he asked. "There are a lot of fish up to-day, and I think I'm sure to get hold of one pretty quickly. I'm not a very elegant figure," he added, laughing as he looked at his waders; "but Archie is very smart, and, at any rate, you will have a good background in the rocks on the other side."

Miss Prendergast said she was quite willing, and they went down to the pool. As a rule, when a lady comes near a salmon river and you want to show off your skill before her the fish sulk, and Gibbs was a rash man to give the undertaking he did. But fortune had hitherto been wonderfully kind to him, and did not desert him now. He had barely gone over half the water before up came a good fish and took him. For the next ten minutes he was kept pretty busy. The fish was a strong one and showed plenty of fight; but it was at last gaffed and laid on the bank, and the lady came down from the rock she had settled on to inspect it. She did not say, "Oh! how cruel to stick that horrid thing into it!" or, "How could you kill such a beautiful creature?" or "I wish it had got away!" as some ladies would have done. On the contrary, she gave the salmon — a bright twelve-pounder — a little poke with her foot, and said she was very glad it had been captured. Then

Gibbs went up to look at her sketch and was honestly amazed at it. We once had the privilege of watching Mr. Ruskin draw a swallow on a black-board, — half-a-dozen lines, and then you saw the bird flying at you out of a black sky. So it was here; there was no weak or wasted stroke; the strain on the rod, Archie's symmetrical figure, the more concealed elegance of the fisherman were shown, as the former said, to the life.

"Well," said Gibbs, staring at it, "I think it is lovely."

Its author looked at it with her head on one side, as ladies often do look at their handiwork, and promised that when it was finished she would give it to him. Then she wrote down "dun" for the waders, and "grey" for the rocks, and "dark" where the water ran under the cliff, and a little "red" just in a line with the admiring Archie's nose, and went back to the inn. Gibbs fished out the afternoon, but he thought more about the lady and less about the fish than he had done yet. He pondered a good deal, too, about the sketch, and racked his brains to think if there was any way in which he could make a nice return to Samela for it. She had declined to have anything to do with the fish, which he had at once offered to her, saying there was no one she particularly wished to send it to, or she might have been squared in that way. He might give her a book, — he remembered her saying, the first day they met, that she and her father had come up for the sale to get some remembrance of an old friend. Gibbs was pleased at this idea until he bethought him what book he should give her, and then he was puzzled. Of course, as a mere remembrance, Josephus, or "The Fairchild Family," or even a volume of the Encyclopædia Britannica would do as well as another; but then — there would not be much generosity in handing one of those works over. Plainly the lady must be asked to choose for herself. Then Gibbs at once resolved that the quarto should be eliminated from the collection — the sketch would be purchased too dearly by its loss. As to any others, they must take their chance. On second thoughts, however, he concluded to conceal the works of Grimm — all the rest were to run the gauntlet of her pretty eyes.

A day or two passed before he was able to put his little scheme into execution. It will easily be understood — as has already been hinted — that a man on a salmon river is not — when the water is in

good order — quite his own master. Business must be attended to before pleasure here as elsewhere. A start has to be made as soon after nine as possible, and if nothing untoward occurs, a certain pool should be reached at two for lunch. A rest of an hour is allowed here, but the angler would have good reason to be dissatisfied with himself if he did not devote the time between three and seven to steady fishing. This would take Gibbs to the end of his beat, and so far up it as to be back near the inn in time to change before dinner. But he was getting into a somewhat restless state — a little impatient of all such salutary regulations — and one fine day instead of beginning a mile above the inn he began opposite it — to Archie's great disapproval — and so timed himself as to be back there soon after four o'clock. He knew that Samela would be thereabouts — she had told him that it would take her a day to finish her sketch.

"Miss Prendergast," said Gibbs rather shyly, feeling as if his little manoeuvre was probably being seen through, "you said the night you came up that you wanted to have some little thing from the Stratham sale, and I thought, perhaps, you would like a book. I got a good many books there, and any that you would care to have you are most welcome to." There was something of a conventional falsehood in this statement; there were a good many books he would have been very sorry to see her walk off with.

Samela looked up in his face, and Gibbs was quite sure she *was* beautiful; Venus was her prototype after all, and not Juno; he had been a little puzzled as to which deity favored her the most. "It is very good of you," she said, more warmly than she had spoken yet. "I *should* like to have something." "It was horrid of me not to have thought of it sooner," said Gibbs. "Well now, will you come and choose for yourself? And may I tell them to take some tea into my room? I am sure you must want some after your long day here." This second invitation was quite an after-thought, given on the spur of the moment, and he hardly thought it would be accepted. He was on the point of including her father in it when the lady fortunately stopped him, and said she thought she would also like some tea. "But may I stop ten minutes to finish this bit while the light's on it? Then I will come in."

Gibbs went in and ordered the tea, and then opened his old box and took out the

quarto which he embedded for the time being in his portmanteau; he had previously removed it from the old cover in order to keep it flatter in the box. It was a hard struggle for him to leave the Grimms, but at last he tore himself away from them. The maid brought up the tea-things, and then, peeping out of the window, he saw the tall form of his visitor disappearing through at the front door. He had a few seconds to spare, and he occupied them (we are sorry to say), in rushing at his box, tearing out the Grimms, and slipping one into each coat pocket. He had barely time to get to the fireplace, looking as self-possessed, or rather as little self-conscious as he could, when Samela came in. She made herself quite comfortable in an armchair by the fire, and *she* appeared as unself-conscious and innocent as a lady could be — as no doubt she was. There were three cups on the tea-table, and this caused a little further embarrassment to the host. "Your father — would he — shall I ask him if he will come up?" he inquired.

"Oh, please don't trouble," said the daughter. "I know he wouldn't come if he is in; he never takes tea."

So there was no more to be said, and Gibbs did the honors as gracefully as a man in wading-stockings could be expected to do them, but some little part of his usual complacency was destroyed by an uneasy feeling that while he was so employed Samela's eyes were fixed on the side-pockets of his coat where the books were deposited, which he was persuaded bulged out shockingly. In the course of time he found himself sitting in another easy-chair, on the other side of the fire, opposite Samela — just as a young husband might be supposed to sit opposite a young wife in, say, the third week of the honeymoon. Gibbs began to feel as if he was married, and, what with this sensation and the knowledge of his bit of deceit, somewhat uncomfortable, — for a moment or two he almost wished that the old professor would make his appearance.

Samela had never looked so bright and fresh and comely as she did that afternoon. There was just something in her position which would have made some girls feel the least bit embarrassed; they would have shown their feelings by little nervousnesses — have laughed or talked too much; after all she was only the chance acquaintance of a few days. But she sat there perfectly at ease, absolutely mistress of herself.

"I have brought you your picture," she

said, and she gave it to him. It was a most masterly work in grey and yellow and brown, Archie's nose supplying just the little bit of warm color that was wanting. "I think you have been a little hard on my waist," said Gibbs after he had sufficiently admired it. "And now will you please put your name to it; some day when you are a great artist I shall be envied for having it."

She laughed at the somewhat awkward compliment, and then in bold, firm letters she wrote her signature.

"You have a very uncommon Christian name," he said. "I never saw it before. Is it one that belongs to your family?"

"My father used to be very fond of the old dramatists," replied the maiden — and at the word "dramatists" the guilty Gibbs gave a little start and knocked one of the Grimms against the arm of his chair. "He found it in an out-of-the-way song in some old play."

"It is a very pretty name," said the criminal.

"I liked the song," said Samela; "I read it once a long time ago. But I think it is not very wise to give a child names of that kind. There is so much risk in it. If I had grown up crooked or ugly my name would have been an injury to me." It was pretty, as Mr. Pepys used to say, to see how naturally she assumed her good looks. We may mention that before many days had passed Mr. Gibbs's bookseller had received an order (by telegraph) to supply him with the works of Robert Greene, out of which he hunted with some difficulty the very charming lyric the name of which stand at the head of this paper.

"And now for your books," said Gibbs, when his visitor declined to have any more tea. He showed her first a great carefully arranged pile in a corner of the sitting-room. There have been exceptions — those who collect fine bindings will at once recall some famous names — but as a rule women do not care for books as men care for them. Probably a large proportion out of the hundred would prefer — if the choice was given them and a book-rest thrown in — the *édition de luxe* of Thackeray to a rather dingy and commonplace looking set of the original issues. Samela was one of the exceptions; she showed a quite evident, almost an eager, interest in the pile. The fashion for big volumes, for great folios and thick quartos has died out — so the men who deal chiefly in such merchandise tell you; but this

lady seemed to be of the old school in this respect, and left the octavos to the last. When he considered he had given her sufficient time for a rapid examination, Gibbs—with something of the feeling with which a schoolboy opens his playbox crammed with forbidden fruit before his master—prepared to show her his treasures. “What an ass I am!” he thought, as he turned the key. “I have done nothing wrong; and if I had, how could this girl know anything about it, unless she is a very witch!”

“Ah!” said Samela as the lifted lid showed her the inside of the box; then she swooped down and picked up the brown calf covering in which the quarto had hitherto had its home. She opened it; it was of course empty, and she asked the question—why?—with her eyes, looking just then—so it seemed to the uneasy man—just a little like a schoolmistress who was not quite satisfied with his conduct. “Yes,” he silently repeated, “I am a fool—and now I shall have to tell a lie about that book.”

“Ah!” he replied in a sort of echo to her exclamation. “An old cover; it would do to bind something in.” For the life of him he could think of nothing better to say.

Samela looked at the thread by which the quarto had been held in its place and which Gibbs had cut, and then she put the cover gently down. And then he took courage, and did the honors of his box. He expatiated on the beauty and interest of Cruikshank’s etchings; he pointed out how much the fine condition of the books added to their value; he enlarged on the spirit and coloring of Rowlandson’s plates, and waxed eloquent on the exceeding rarity of the salmon-colored wrappers. Samela listened patiently to his oration, and when he had finished she made him stand and hearken to a lecture from her.

“I don’t agree with what you say about Cruikshank,” said the fair mistress. “I know it is the fashion to collect his books, and of course there are some of his etchings that are wonderfully spirited and perfect. I like some of those to Sir Walter’s ‘Demonology,’ and there is another book of his which I don’t see here”—looking about her—“his pictures in Grimm’s Fairy Tales,”—Gibbs nearly fell backwards into the box—“which are quite marvellous bits of work; I mean those that Mr. Ruskin praised. But I always think his women are disgraceful; and when he means them to be pretty and ladylike he is at his worst; he must *sometimes* have

meant to have drawn a lady. And Rowlandson, too—isn’t what is called spirit in him often only vulgarity? Look at that dreadful horse—there is no drawing in it—a child eight years old ought to be whipped if it couldn’t do better. And look at that man! Certainly his women have sometimes pretty faces, or rather prettier than Cruikshank’s, but ~~he~~ never drew a lady either. And I can’t admire your salmon-colored wrappers!”

“I dare say you are right,” said Gibbs very meekly; he saw the cherished traditions of years overturned in a moment, without daring to fight for them.

“And now, may I really take any book I like for myself?” she asked.

“Any one,” replied Gibbs, who began to wish himself down the river with Archie.

“But some of them are too valuable,”

“I wish they were more valuable,” said Gibbs, feeling rather faint.

“Well,” said Samela, “I shall not trouble Messrs. Cruikshank or Rowlandson.” She went back to the large pile and picked up one of the books she had looked at before. It was a medium-sized, square, vellum-covered volume, “De Instituendo Sapientia Animo,” by Mathew Bossus, printed at Bologna in the year 1495. “May I have this one?” she asked. “I like it for its beautiful paper and type, and its old, old date.”

Gibbs with more truth than when he had last spoken vowed that he was delighted that she should have it; and he begged her to choose another, but this she declined to do. Before carrying off her prize she looked again at the old chest. It had evidently been made to hold valuables in; it was lined with tin and had a very curious lock, which shut with a spring. But the queer thing about it was that the lock would not act when the key was in it, and Gibbs showed her how he had nearly put himself in a fix by laying the key inside the chest when he was shutting it. “I was just on the point of snapping the lock,” he explained, “when I remembered. I don’t suppose any smith about here could pick that lock.”

“Well,” said Samela as she prepared to march off, “I am very much obliged to you—for the tea, and for this charming book, which I shall value very much, and I am sure my father will too.” She added, laughing, “I am afraid I read you a terrible lecture, but you must forgive me. I dare say I was all wrong. You know a woman never knows anything about books.”

After dinner Gibbs lit a big cigar and



strolled slowly down the glen in a meditative mood. In some ten days his month would be up and he would have to leave his pleasant quarters. A week ago he did not know that such a person as Miss Prendergast existed in the world, and now he was beginning to debate within himself whether, before he went away, it would be wise for him to ask her to be his companion for the rest of his days. He had liked her for so easily accepting his invitation, and it had been pleasant to him to look at her as she sat so comely and at home in the armchair by his fire. He thought in many ways — if she said yes — that they would get on well together. Of the likelihood of her saying it he could form no opinion. She might be already engaged; or she might be — for all he knew — a great heiress who would look with contempt on his moderate fortune. But as there are more indifferently well-to-do people in the world than wealthy ones Gibbs sagaciously concluded that the chances were that she was not a great heiress. He thought that probably the Prendergasts were not very much burdened with riches; she had no maid with her, and, manlike, he perhaps judged a little by the plainness and simplicity of her dress. But the father and daughter might be criminals flying from justice for all he knew. An attempt he had made to find out from which quarter of the globe the old man came from had been at once nipped in the bud. In the event of success that old man would be a drawback. Then Gibbs looked into the future. He saw a comfortable house on a northern coast sheltered with wind-swept trees. He saw a sort of double-barrelled perambulator in the outer hall, and a tall figure emerging from the drawing-room, with her hand to her lips — as if some one was asleep. Then he looked and looked, but he could see no place for that old man; he did not see his shabby wideawake hanging up anywhere, nor his spiky stick in the place where sticks were wont to be; he could not anywhere get a glimpse of the green jappanned knapsack. "If such things should come to pass," thought Gibbs, "I wonder if that old man would care — when he was relieved of the responsibility of looking after his charming daughter — I wonder if he would care to make an expedition to Honduras or Sierra Leone, and collect specimens of his things in those parts. He would have then a fine field for his energies." Then he thought of himself. Did he in reality wish for this change, or was it merely a passing gleam of light which shone on

him, and which would pass away as similar lights had done before, and be little thought of afterwards? He was well past the romantic age as it is called, and he was very comfortable as he was. Marriage, unless the bride had some fair dower, meant giving up a good many pleasures — perhaps some little comforts; salmon-fishing, for instance, might have to become a thing of the past. "It's a devil of a thing to make up one's mind about," said Gibbs with a sort of a groan. So the man argued with himself; now he found a reason why he should try to win Samela, now another why he should get away to his native land as quickly as he could.

These reveries had carried him a couple of miles down the strath. He had just turned when he heard voices before him, and soon in the deeper one recognized that of his faithful gillie, Archie. Gibbs was in no mood to stop and talk to the lovers; he felt sure that the weaker vessel would turn out to be Jane, and he stood off the road, in the deep shadow of some trees, to let them pass. The pair were sauntering slowly along in very loverlike guise.

"He's after her — he's ay after her," said Archie as they came within hearing. "He's talking wi' her, and laughing wi' her, and painting wi' her, whenever he gets a chance, but whether he'll get her or no is a matter aboot which I shouldna like to say. And I'm much mistaken if he isna *smoking* wi' her! If I didna see a cigar in her mooth the very day we lost yon big fish at the General's Rock, I'm no Archie Macrae but some ither body!" This scurrilous observation was founded on the fact that on the afternoon in question, after being nearly devoured by midges, Samela had, at Gibbs's suggestion, tried to defend herself with a cigarette. "Tobacco! wheu! filthy stuff! it's bad eneuch in a man, but in a wummin — You'd better no let me catch you at the likes of yon, Jean, ma lass!"

"And do you think I'm going to ask *your* leave when I want to do aught?" inquired the shrill voice of Jane. "For if you do you're wrang! — and how'll you stop me?" Then there was a slight scuffle and a slap and the two happy ones passed on.

"You old scoundrel!" muttered the indignant master as he emerged from his place and continued on his way. "See if I don't sort you for that some day, you sanctimonious old beast! I hope she'll comb your hair for you — what there's left of it — you long-legged old ruffian!"



So the old saying was once more justified. Then Gibbs went home with a lot of resolutions and arguments so jumbled up in his brain together that he was quite unequal to the work of laying hold of any particular one and getting it out by itself.

Much to his surprise our fisherman had a good night, and came down to breakfast with quite an appetite. The old professor had nearly finished — he was an early bird — and he was just off on an expedition in charge of a keeper to a loch some miles away, where a remarkably fine specimen of the *Belladonna Campanulista* was said to have its habitation. Never had he shown himself so crabbed and unsociable as he did that morning. "Really," thought Gibbs, as he dug a spoon into his egg, "one would think I had done the old gentleman some personal injury by the way he treats me. But you had better be careful, my old cock! You little know what sort of a bomb-shell may be bursting inside your dearest feelings in the course of a day or two. When you find yourself, with a steerage ticket in your pocket, on board a P. and O. *en route* for foreign parts, you will perhaps be sorry that you didn't treat your new relation that was to be, rather better." The old cock took this oration (which was delivered *in camera*) very quietly, and shortly after started for his loch. "It might clear the way if he got into a bog — with no bottom to it," thought Gibbs, as he watched him slowly climbing up the hill opposite. "He is probably beetle-catcher in general to some college — he *would* be a father-in-law to have!"

On the whole he took a rather less roseate view of matters in the cold daylight. "There is no doubt it would be a horribly rash thing to do," said he as he began to fish his first pool, "knowing nothing about them; I think I'll —" then up came a fish and the line ran out and the reverie was ended.

### III.

FORTY miles away over the hills was another river, rented by a man whom Gibbs knew. Had sport been good, nothing short of an order from the war office would have torn this man away from his water; but his fishing had been poor, and he had announced his intention of taking a holiday from Saturday to Monday and spending it with his old friend. In due time this gentleman, Captain Martingale, arrived, full to overflowing with grumbles and pity for himself.

"I never saw such a place," he exclaimed as soon as they had shaken hands.

"It used to be a good river, but it's gone all to grass now."

"Haven't you plenty of water?" inquired Gibbs.

"Water! that's the mischief of it, there's far too much! You wouldn't think a big stream like that would be affected by every shower, but it is — everlastingly jumping up and down! You get to a pool and think it is in pretty good order; you turn round to light a pipe, or tie a lace, or something, and when you look again it's half a foot higher, and rising still! And when I ask my gillie the reason, he points to a small cloud away in the middle of Caithness and says that's it! Of course, nothing will take; and indeed there is nothing *to* take; those infernal nets get everything; they got over a hundred last Tuesday — several over thirty pounds! I saw the factor the other day and told him what a shame it was, and he just laughed! The last time I was there, when old Newton had it, we used to get our four or five fish a day, and here have I been slaving away from morning to midnight, nearly, for a fortnight, and only got fifteen!"

"Oh, come!" said Gibbs, "that's not so very bad, after all."

"Oh! that's all very well for you!" retorted the grumbler. "Look what you've done. In my opinion Scotland is played out for fishing. I shall go to Norway next year; and I don't know that Norway is not as bad."

Martingale picked up a couple of good fish that evening and so became a little more cheerful. He had been shut up by himself for his two weeks and was consequently very full of conversation, which was all about the great object of his life — sport. Before dinner ended he had nearly driven old Mr. Prendergast frantic.

"Seems a queer old gentleman," he said the next morning, as Gibbs and he started on a smoking constitutional down the strath. "Not much of a sportsman I fancy." Gibbs thought he was not much of a sportsman.

"The daughter is a fine-looking girl, though she doesn't look as if she *was* his daughter. I say, old chap, you had better be careful what you are doing; these are rather dangerous quarters for a susceptible man like you!"

When Gibbs learnt that his friend was to honor him with a visit he resolved to be most careful in not giving him a hint as to the state of his — Gibbs's — feelings. Good fellow as Johnny Martingale was, he was hardly a sympathetic person to confide in when the question at issue concerned a

woman. As Quakers have been held to be incapable judges as to the morality of any particular war because they are against *all* wars, so Martingale's opinions as to any particular woman were worthless, for he was against *all* women—so far as matrimony was concerned. So Gibbs made this resolve. But instead of fighting shy altogether of the subject and confining the conversation entirely to sport—which he might very easily have done—he allowed himself to hang about on the borderland, as it were, of the matter, and before dinner time that Sunday the soldier knew pretty well what there was to know. In a solemn voice, and with many shakes of his curly head, he pointed out to his friend the danger of the path which lay before him. He explained—and really to listen to him one would have thought he had been married himself half-a-dozen times—all the disadvantages of matrimony.

"Marriage," said this philosopher, climbing on to the top of a stone gate-pillar, and emphasizing his remarks with many waves of his pipe, "is a most serious matter." Gibbs climbed on to the top of the other pillar, and, facing his mentor, acknowledged the fact.

"You see," said Martingale, "so long as a man is a bachelor he knows pretty well how he stands; but it is quite a different thing when he's married. He doesn't know then what his income is or which are his own friends and which are his wife's. He can't go off at a moment's notice—as we do—whenever he wants; he has to consider this and that and everything. Look at old Bullfinch! I assure you he'd no more dare to pack up his things and come here or go to town for a fortnight without his wife than he dared jump off London Bridge."

"Well, but," objected Gibbs, "Lady Bullfinch is such a caution! You don't often come across a woman like that."

"Don't you be too sure of that! She's married; they all lie low till they're married, and then they make up for lost time."

"I don't think Miss Prendergast would ever be like Lady Bullfinch," said Gibbs.

"I'm not so sure of that—you never can tell. She's the son of her father—she's the daughter of her father I mean—and look at him! How would you like to have that old customer about your house for the next twenty years?"

"Ah," said Gibbs, glad to be able now to defend his conduct from the charge of rashness; "I've thought about that! You

know he's a great beetle-hunter and ornithologist? Well, I would try to get him some appointment in an out-of-the-way part of the world to collect them, and write home reports about them. The government are always glad to get hold of a scientific man; and lots of people would help me, I know. I dare say your brother would?"

"Well, I dare say Bill would do what he could," said Martingale. "And where would you send him to?"

"Oh, I thought of some hot country at first; but any out-of-the-way place would do. Oonalaska is a fine, healthy, distant hunting-ground, I believe; I was reading about it lately."

"Oona—what?" inquired Martingale.

"Oonalaska—where the wolves are."

"Wolves—what wolves?"

"Oh! you know—'the wolf's long howl'—that place."

"Oh!" said Martingale. "And why do you send him there, —to be eaten up?"

"No, no," said Gibbs. "But when Samela and I are married—I mean *if* Samela and I are married—it would be a great nuisance to have him trotting in and out whenever he liked; and I believe this place is pretty hard to get away from when you are once there."

"Is there anything for him to hunt?" inquired Martingale.

"Sure to be—in the summer; of course in the winter he would have to vegetate—and write his reports."

"Well, there may be something in it," said the soldier, pondering over this summary way of getting rid of a possible father-in-law. "If the old boy is willing to go, it is all right; but I rather think you mayn't find it so easy to pack him off to such a place—he mayn't care about wolves and vegetation."

"He may not," said Gibbs with rather a downcast face.

"I say, my dear fellow," cried Martingale, nearly falling off his pedestal in his eagerness, "don't you be led into this! You don't know what it is! She has no money, you think? You won't be able to get away from home at all, and what will you do all the time? Go out walks with Samela, eh? You'll get tired of that in time."

"Oh, hang it!" interposed Gibbs, "other people do it and seem fairly happy. I think there's something in a domestic—"

"Oh, I know what you mean!" inter-

rupted Martingale. "The curtains drawn, and the kettle boiling over, and the cat sitting on the hob, and you and Samela in one armchair in front of it. You can't always be doing that; and what will you do when all kinds of things break out in the house at the same time? — measles, chicken-pox, small-pox —"

"You had better add scarlet fever and cholera. People don't have those sort of things all at the same time."

"Don't they? You ask my old aunt; she'll tell you. She had scarlet fever and measles and whooping-cough and erysipelas when she was seven years old — all at the same time. Think of your doctor's bills! Think of all the servants giving notice at once! Think of the cold mutton and the rice pudding at two o'clock! And not being able to smoke in the house! And your horses sold! And a donkey-cart for the kids! And think of all their clothes! Oh, Gibbs, my dear fellow, for goodness' sake don't be so rash!"

"Gibbs shifted uneasily on his gatepost. "It sounds an awful prospect," he murmured, with a very uneasy countenance.

"Nothing to what the reality would be," retorted the philosopher. Then there was a long pause, the two worthies sat in silence on their pillars, disconsolately swinging their legs.

"Come, I say, Johnny," said the would-be wooer at last, a sudden light breaking in upon him. "It's all very well for you to sit and preach away like that; how do you know so much about women?"

"Because I've studied them," replied his mentor sententiously.

"I should like to know when. You fish all the spring; you shoot four days a week from August to February, and then hunt till the fishing begins again. I'm sure I don't know how you square your colonel. When do you find time to study them?"

"Ah, that's it," said Martingale, looking very wise. "There's a good gap between the hunting and fishing time, and then there are two days a week over, not counting Sundays; and all the time you devote to those musty books I occupy in studying the female woman."

"Then you've studied a bad sample. I know a lot of men who have married, and I can't at this moment think of one who has had all those diseases you reckoned up, or who eats cold mutton, or who doesn't smoke in the house if he wants to."

"Can't you? Look at old Framshaw."

"Well, — but Mrs. Framshaw is a perfect Gorgon."

"They nearly all turn out Gorgons when they've got you; and it doesn't follow that when a man says he doesn't care about smoking that he is telling the truth; the wives make them say that. I'll tell you what, Gibbs, if I was you I'd be off."

"Do you mean at once?"

"I do," said the counsellor, looking very solemn.

"Oh, hang it!" exclaimed Gibbs, "I can't go till the end of my month."

"Look here," said his friend, earnestly considering, "why not go to my place?"

"But your water won't carry two rods."

"No, it won't. Well, now, supposing I came over here?"

"What! in my place?"

"Well, it would let you away."

"You abominable old humbug!" cried Gibbs, jamming his stick into the other's waistcoat, and nearly sending him over backwards. "I see what you're after! You want Samela for yourself, and my fishing as a little amusement into the bargain! I'll see you somewhere first!"

When these two debaters on matrimony came in to dinner, they found that they were to be deprived of the society of their only lady — Samela had a headache and was not visible. Perhaps Mr. Prendergast had not looked forward with much pleasure to his dinner that night, but if he had known what he was to go through while it was taking place, we think he would have followed the example of his daughter without so good a reason. The conversation soon turned on sport, as it was sure to do when Martingale made one of the party. If it had been earlier, hunting would have been the topic to be discussed; if it had been later, shooting — now fishing held the field.

"Ever fished in Sutherland?" inquired Martingale of the professor.

"No, sir, I have not," replied he.

"Fishing is getting played out in Scotland, I think," went on Johnny.

"It is possible," said the old gentleman. "The fact is of the less moment to me as I never intend to fish in Scotland."

"Ah," said the other, who could hardly conceive of any one not wishing to fish somewhere. "I dare say you are right; Norway is better, but Norway is not what it used to be."

"Probably not," grunted the tormented one.

"Oh, no. Newfoundland is better, but the mosquitoes are very bad there — eat you up; and then there's that place" —

looking at Gibbs — "Oonoolooloo — what is it?"

"Oonalaska," supplied Gibbs, wishing his friend would be quiet.

"Oh, yes. Oonalaska, a fine place for sport that!" thinking he would do the latter a good turn. "Fine place for — beetle-hunting" — suddenly remembering more about the old man's proclivities.

"I never heard of the place," said the old man, staring across the table at Martingale.

"Where the wolves are," said Johnny, trying to help him out of the difficulty.

"Wolves!" ejaculated the professor.

"Long wolves, you know," explained Johnny.

"What do you mean by long wolves, sir?" demanded Mr. Prendergast.

"Faith, I don't quite know myself," confessed the other. "Easier to shoot, I suppose. Some one once complained of rabbits being too short — eight inches too short. Now, these wolves are of the long breed, they —"

Mr. Prendergast looked at Gibbs as much as to say: "You are responsible for the introduction of this lunatic," and then glared savagely at his *vis-à-vis*. But the soldier sat with an imperturbable look on his handsome face, twisting his moustache, and quite unconscious of having said anything out of the way.

Here Gibbs interposed. "He's mixing a lot of things up. You great owl," he said, glaring angrily at his friend, "what are you talking about? There's no fishing in Oonalaska, and no beetles — and no wolves, either," he added in desperation. Then the conversation drifted in another direction, and, as soon as he could, Mr. Prendergast made his escape.

"You played it rather rough on me, old man," said the soldier afterwards, "about that place."

"The old boy was getting angry," said Gibbs, "and besides, what I said was true. There *are* no beetles in Oonalaska, I have been looking up the authorities, it's too cold for them."

"Then you won't send your father-in-law there?"

"I think not," said Gibbs. "We'll try to find a warmer place for him."

"Well, old chap," said Martingale as he got into the dogcart the next morning, "if I can be of any help to you I will. You may rely on me; but if you have a crisis try and have it on a Saturday. I can always get away that day or Sunday; but I believe that the fish run better about this part of the month, and it might be difficult

for me to leave them in the middle of the week, though, of course, if it was very important I would try to manage it." Then with a few last warnings the soldier climbed into his seat and drove off, having performed what he considered to be his mission.

The following day Samela was still invisible, and Gibbs spent his whole time on the river, fishing and communing with himself. The water was as usual in order, and there were plenty of fish up; a man had, as it were, only to put forth his hand and take them. But even a clean-run, inexperienced salmon will become uneasy when the fly and all the casting line fall in a lump on to his nose; and the best gut will go if the whole force of a powerful greenheart is used to rip it up from a rising fish. "He was thinking he was fishing for a shaik, maist of the day," said Archie grimly on his return to the inn that night. Gibbs lost fish and broke gut, and finally, when trying furiously to lash out an impossible line, got his hook fast in an alder behind him and broke the middle joint of his rod. Then he gave up his paraphernalia to the disgusted Archie, and slowly sauntered home by himself. Out of chaos he had at last evolved order, and his mind was made up. He would *not* make any attempt to woo Samela, *not* watch her sketching, or ask her to tea; above all, *not* give her an opportunity of sitting and looking fascinating in his armchair. In coming to this conclusion he was influenced by the facts, that he knew nothing about her and her father, that he could not afford to marry, and, finally, that he was not at all sure that he was in love with her. A good deal of what Martingale had said he knew to be nonsense; but still, if a man will talk enough nonsense some of it will find a home for itself, especially if it is poured forth on a Sunday morning by a man, looking as wise as Solomon and Rhadamanthus combined, perched on a gate-post.

"Of course I will be perfectly pleasant and courteous to her," thought Gibbs; "but I'll take care it doesn't go beyond that; I am sure it is the right thing to do." And having so determined his course he became cool and almost comfortable again.

Samela joined her father at dinner. Her paleness might be attributed to her indisposition; but was it due also to her headache that she seemed disinclined to talk to Gibbs, disinclined to laugh as she used to laugh, to inquire about his sport, and to ask what funny speeches Archie might

have made that day? Had she, too, been making up her mind?

Gibbs had been looking forward to quite another meeting than this. He had anticipated some difficulty in gradually withdrawing the light of his countenance from Miss Prendergast; he had thought it quite possible that his courage might be rather put to the test when he had to meet her pleasant smile with one just a little less pleasant, and show her, gently but firmly, that he only looked upon her as a casual acquaintance. It was only a strong confidence in his moral capabilities which enabled him to prepare for the contest he expected. But now it was *she* who was cool, *she* who seemed indifferent, *she* who appeared resolved to treat him as she might treat a gentleman, whom she had met yesterday, and to-morrow was going to say good-bye to. Never a whit had Gibbs calculated on all this; and when he tried some small blandishments — for the strong, determined man was already beginning to find the ground weak below him, and his moral courage slowly oozing out — it was still the same, they had no effect at all.

Before dinner was half over Gibbs abandoned himself to gloomy forebodings. He forgot all about his good resolves — they became to him as if they had never been — thin phantoms which had never really occupied his mind. He cast about for some cause for this change. Had some bird of the air brought to her ears the somewhat free conversation which had been carried on about herself and her parent the day before? Had those sagacious-looking, black-faced sheep, or some roe crouching in the fern close at hand, delivered a message to her as the modern representative of their old mistress Diana? No; he thought it was more likely that Martingale was the cause. He was a fine looking man; he was rich; moreover, his brother was a peer, and Johnny bore the little prefix to his name which is sometimes supposed to carry weight with some girls. What a viper! thought Gibbs; and how indecent of the girl to show her feelings so soon!

The dinner crawled along, and at last Samela rose, and with a little bow to Gibbs left the room. And then another astonishing thing happened! The old man became — not genial, for that was not perhaps in his nature, but — as little disagreeable as he could manage to be. He pulled up his chair to the fire, asked Gibbs if he was not going to have a little more

whiskey, and said it was a cold night in quite a friendly tone.

"Can it be possible," thought Gibbs, as he abstractedly poured out for himself a very strong glass of Clyneish, "that this ancient antiquarian knows his daughter's feelings, and is showing his compassion for me in this way!" And he looked with the greatest abhorrence at the professor, who forthwith began to give a disjointed account of his adventures on the hill that day. Night brought no comfort to Gibbs. He anticipated a sleepless one; but perhaps his hard day's fishing in the high wind, perhaps the agitation in his mind, perhaps even the glass of whiskey aforesaid stood his friends. After tossing about in a restless way for twenty minutes he dropped into a deep and dreamless sleep.

The following day things were as they had been, only worse. Samela avoided him, and the day after they were no better. The only ray of light thrown on Gibbs was from the corrugated countenance of the old professor, whose friendship seemed to increase every hour. Then Gibbs became unhappy, he lost half the fish he hooked, and he jumped upon Archie in a way that made that worthy's hair stand on end.

"She's heuked him," the latter whispered to Jane (he had acquired somehow an exaggerated idea of his master's wealth and importance), "and now she's playing him, and he's gey sick wi't, I can tell you; but whether he will stand the strain o't, I canna say." Archie was nothing if not cautious. "I'd like fine to see you trying that game on wi' me, Jean, ma lass!" and then the colloquy ended in the usual way.

Now it happened one night, after dressing for dinner, that Gibbs was going down the passage, when, as he was passing Mr. Prendergast's room, he heard two words spoken in a low, passionate voice. They were only two words — "I cannot;" but there was an intensity in the way Samela uttered them which bit itself, as it were, into the brain of the hearer. Our fisherman had felt little scruple when chance put him in a position to listen for a moment to Archie's plainly expressed opinions, but he was no cavesdropper; he would have cut off his right hand sooner than have stood to try to hear what followed. He hurried down into the dining-room, marvelling what could cause the somewhat proud and independent girl to speak in such a fashion, — the horror and despair in her voice rang in his ears still.



Mr. Prendergast soon followed, and announced that his daughter was again too unwell to come to dinner; then as had been his habit lately he inquired with some interest about his companion's sport, and proceeded to give a long description of the difference which exists between a moth and a butterfly.

After the old man had disappeared Gibbs put on a cape and went out down the glen. It was a wild, wet night; the water was running here and there over the road, and he had to splash through it; the wind howled over the unsheltered moor and drove the rain smartly in his face; but the turmoil suited his humor, and he was glad it was not calm and fine. For he saw now—he seemed to see plainly, and he wondered how before he could have been so blind—that the piteous "I cannot" referred to himself. That old professor had no doubt been making inquiries as to his—Gibbs's—means, had found them satisfactory, and now discovered that the girl was the obstacle, and he was showing her that she would have to follow his judgment in the matter and not her own wishes.

Poor Gibbs! Never till that night had his pride received so great a shock. He was not a man who in any way plumed himself on his influence with women, he had never in the smallest degree considered himself to be a lady-killer; but so far his acquaintance and experience with the gentler sex had been pleasant and easy. He had made many friends among women, hardly, he thought, any enemies. And now, without his having anything to say in the matter, he was being thrust on an unwilling girl; *how* unwilling he was to some extent able to measure by the exceeding bitterness of the cry he had heard. If spoken words have any significance, then her feelings against him must be strong indeed.

The following morning Gibbs received a telegram, asking him to go that night to Inverness. The affairs of a minor for whom he was a trustee were in a somewhat complicated state; it was a question whether they ought not to be thrown into the court of chancery, and the matter had to be decided one way or the other at once. The London lawyer happened to be in Scotland at the time, and so offered to come as far as Inverness; indeed, was on his way there when the message was sent, and Gibbs felt there was no course open to him but to go there also.

There was a wedding in the strath that day and all horses were in great de-

mand; so to suit the convenience of his landlord he sent his portmanteau down early in the day to the station, saying that he himself would walk. As he came down ready for the journey and passed the door of the sitting-room, Mr. Prendergast and his daughter came out, the latter in her hat and jacket.

"I am sure," said the old man, "that you will be kind enough to escort my daughter so far as the post-office. I have a foreign telegram to send of great importance which I cannot trust to a messenger and some inquiries will have to be made about the place it is going to. I can't go myself owing to my sprain" (got on the hill the previous day), "and Mr. Macdonald tells me that a trap will be calling at the post-office in an hour's time which will bring her back."

Gibbs listened to this long harangue without believing in it. It seemed to him to be an obvious excuse for forcing on a *tête-à-tête* walk between Samela and himself. If a telegram really had to be sent, it could be sealed up, and the inquiry made by letter. He looked, while the father was speaking, at the girl, and he was greatly struck by the change in her face and manner. She was very pale, and seemed nervous and hesitating, as if she wished to say something and did not dare; a great contrast to the blithe lady of a week ago. Gibbs looked inquiringly at her, thinking she might make some excuse herself, but she kept her eyes fixed on her father; so he had no alternative but to say that he should be only too happy to be of any service; and then the two passed out of the lighted room into the twilight road.

His first feeling was one of hot anger towards Mr. Prendergast. "What a brute he must really be," he thought, "to force the girl to take this walk with me to-night when it is quite plain she doesn't want to come. How hateful it must be to her!" A week ago he would have been delighted to have had the opportunity of such a walk; he could have at any rate chatted away in a natural manner and amused his companion; and now he racked his brains to think of common-places with which to pass the time.

But it was hard for him to think of such things in the state of mind he was in. For what had been at first mere admiration had grown into love; it had thriven on opposition; the more hopeless it had seemed the more it had flourished, and the deeper it had struck into his heart. It gave a sore shock to his honest pride

to think that he should so soon have become an object of aversion to the girl. Mingled with this feeling was one of intense pity for his unwilling companion, and he swore to himself that he would bite his tongue out before he would say one word to her of what he felt.

Gibbs made some remark about the night, and then the two went on in silence. Daylight was gone, and the moon was peeping up above the fir wood which covered the hill in front of them. The air was warm and moist, and the larches and the primroses, which grew here close up to the heather, made it sweet. It was such a night as might well draw out the boldness of a shy lover or the eloquence of a silent one. Thousands such would be abroad at that time, in crowded cities and fresh country lanes; some in hope, some in fear, some with happiness before them, some, as he was, miserable. The man could hardly realize that only a few days before his greatest anxiety had been about the weather, his greatest trouble, a fish getting away. He had since then conjured up for himself many vivid pictures of possible happiness. A week ago, if the realization of the brightest of them had been a matter for himself to decide, he would have hesitated to confirm it; and now, some cold fate had cut the string on which he found too late his happiness had been secured.

Samela answered his remarks with monosyllables. He thought it was useless to try to force on a conversation, and for a long time they walked on in silence; but at last this silence became oppressive to him and almost unbearable. They had come to a woody bit of the road which lay in deep shadow, the moonbeams not yet being strong enough to force themselves through the firs. Here Samela stopped suddenly. Gibbs thought she must have dropped something. "What is it?" he asked, going close to her. It is not often that one person can plainly hear the beating of another's heart; he heard it then. A feeling of tenderness and sympathy such as he had never known before came over him, and — without taking a thought of what he was doing — he put his arm round her waist. "Samela!" he whispered.

For one moment — for one moment — and the remembrance of that short passage of time will thrill him till he dies — he believed that the pressure was returned. Then she started from his grasp, and sprang from him half across the road; her breath came short and quick, and she

seemed to shake as a patient does in an ague-fit.

"Samela!" he cried again, frightened at her intense agitation. But she could not speak, and the thought ran through his brain that he had been ungenerous in taking advantage of her as he had done.

"You will forgive me?" he asked gently. "I will never offend you so again. I did not know that you disliked me — so much."

"Oh no! no! no!" cried the girl, and her wailing voice would have told him, if there had been any need of telling, whose cry it was he had heard in the room at the inn. "It is not that. Go on! go on! You must go on! I must go back!" She pointed forwards and then herself turned back.

"You cannot go back alone," exclaimed Gibbs; "I must go with you. Nay," he went on as she shook her head and quickened her step, "I will not speak a word, but just walk behind you. You will trust me to do that?" But still she waved him off; he advanced towards her and then she began to run.

"Good Heavens!" cried Gibbs in an agony of despair, "what have I done to frighten her like this!"

"Do not follow me!" she implored; "I beg you!" Then John Gibbs stood still in the middle of the road and watched the shadowy figure till it was lost in the blackness beyond.

Our fisherman was in a poor state to consider an intricate business matter the next day. The lawyer wondered at his absence of mind, that such a one should have been chosen for so important a trust. But at last what had to be settled was settled, and the afternoon found him hurrying back as fast as the Highland Railway would carry him. He experienced in Inverness one of those minor calamities which are not very much in themselves, but which, when great misfortunes happen to be absent, come and do their best to embitter our lives. In a word, he lost his bunch of keys and had to have his portmanteau cut open. The loss was to him inexplicable. He always carried them in his coat pocket, and he had felt them there after leaving the inn, rattling against his pipe. Now, as may easily be imagined, his mind was too heavily burdened with a real sorrow to give more than a passing thought to this minor trouble.

Gibbs looked forward with great apprehension to his return to the inn. He dreaded meeting Samela; he could not imagine on what footing they could be

now; he thought that she must have resented his conduct to her the more because he was as it were her guardian that night; perhaps she imagined that the whole affair had been arranged between her father and himself. At all events he felt it would be very difficult to know how to carry himself before her. And still, at the bottom of his heart, the man had some kind of a feeling that all might come right yet.

The landlord was waiting for him at the station, and as they drove up the glen was eloquent on the glory of the wedding which had taken place the previous day. Such a feast! so many carriages! so many presents! and such a good-looking bride!

"How is the professor's foot?" asked Gibbs, who could take no interest in brides that day, and was anxious to find out if the landlord had noticed anything wrong.

"There's no muckle the matter with his foot, I'm thinking," replied the landlord; "at any rate he's gone."

"Gone!" cried Gibbs.

"Ay," replied the landlord, "he is that. He went off in a great hurry to catch the first train this morning."

"And his daughter, is she gone?" gasped Gibbs.

"Gone too," answered the driver cheerfully, evidently enjoying the sensation he was causing. "Indeed, I understand it was on her account they went; he told me that she was not well, and that she must see a London doctor at once." And as the worthy man said this he turned round and looked hard at his companion.

This intelligence was a terrible blow to Gibbs. How gladly now would he have gone through the meeting he had dreaded so much! Gone without a word for him! He might have explained things somehow. What must she have thought of him? What had she told her father? Of course the illness was a blind. He thought it possible that there might be a note left for him, from the professor; he did not expect anything from Samela — but there was nothing.

The place looked sadly deserted and lonely. He could not fish that evening; he went to the rock where Samela had made her sketch and stared long at the pool; then he went back to the house and took out her handiwork; he felt some queer sort of satisfaction in touching things that she had touched. So short a time had passed since her joyous presence had lighted up that room; how different it seemed then! He could not bear the sight of his books.

The next day he fished, and came to a resolution, which was to go south at once; his month was nearly up, and he had lost all pleasure in the river. The landlord understood something of the cause which lost him his guest, and indeed far and wide the gossips were at work. Accounts varied, but all agreed that Gibbs had behaved extremely badly and had lost his bride.

He had left some money in the big chest, and it was necessary to get it out. It was then for the first time that he remembered the loss of his keys. He tried to pick the lock but failed, and Archie, who was called in, had no greater success; so they had to force the lid. Gibbs put the money in his pocket, and then stood gazing at the little collection of volumes which had given him so much pleasure; now it pained him to look at them.

Of a sudden he saw something which made him start, and for a moment disbelieve the sight of his eyes. There, on the top of a book, lay his bunch of keys, the keys which he had had in his hand the night he walked down to the station! He picked them up and examined them, as if they could tell him something themselves. They were quite bright and fresh. By what legerdmain or *diablerie* had those keys found a resting-place there? It was an unfathomable mystery — a mystery which it seemed to him could never be explained.

Abstractedly he took up the calf binding, remembering as he did so whose hands had touched it last. It seemed strangely light; he quickly opened it, and then as quickly let it fall — the quarto was gone!

Some five years after the events we have been at so much pains to relate, John Gibbs was sitting alone in the reading-room of a northern county club; he was just putting down the *Times*, when the heading of a paragraph in a corner caught his eye. It was as follows:—

"HIGH PRICES FOR BOOKS IN AMERICA. — On Friday last the library of the late John Palmer of New York was disposed of by public auction. This collection was especially rich in early works relating to America, in histories of the English counties, and in early dramatic works. Mr. Palmer was well known for his enterprise and energy. In company with his daughter, and travelling often under assumed names, he searched all over Europe for rare books; no journey was too long for him, or price too high, if anything he wished to add to his collection had to be

secured. . . . Under a somewhat acrid exterior lay a kind and sympathetic core. By his death many of the great booksellers of London and Paris lose a munificent customer. . . . There were fine copies of the second, third, and fourth folios — curiously enough the first was wanting. But the great glory of the collection were the quartos, which have been allowed to be, by those best qualified to judge, by far the finest in America — perhaps, barring those in the British Museum, and at Chatsworth and Althorp — the finest in the world. [Then followed a long list of prices.] The greatest excitement was reached when a copy of 'Love's Labor's Lost' was produced by the auctioneer. No one seems to have known of the existence of this copy, which was strange, as it is without the slightest question the most perfect copy in the world. Not only was it in beautiful condition and perfectly uncut, but the last ten leaves were *unopened* — a state which is, we believe, quite unique. It measures [so many inches]. It was enclosed in a magnificent crimson morocco case, without lettering on it, made for another work by the English Bedford. This most precious volume was sold for \$3,900, and was bought by Mr. Cornelius Van der Hagen, of Chicago."

After reading this paragraph Gibbs sat for a long time in his chair quite motionless. The day had faded away outside, and the only light in the room was the warm glow of the fire. He sat for many minutes staring into it. At length he got up to go. "It was for him, not for herself," he muttered — and something very like a tear rolled down his cheek on to the crisp paper below.

GILFRID W. HARTLEY.

From The London Quarterly Review.  
PHILIP HENRY GOSSE: A PURITAN  
NATURALIST.\*

A GLANCE at the portrait given as a frontispiece to this biography will show that it introduces us to no ordinary man. Decision of character and strength of will are written in every feature. It reminds us of some sea-captain accustomed to walk his quarter-deck with no one to dispute his rule. These first impressions are borne out by every page of this memoir. It is the record of a life which, to students

of human nature, will be full as interesting as to Gosse himself was the study of the rotifera, or wheel animalcules, which, among all his studies, "fascinated him longest and absorbed him most." It never seemed to occur to the ardent naturalist that human nature might deserve a place in his curriculum beside the observations of earth, sea, and shore to which he devoted himself. His skill in drawing and coloring animal shapes was extraordinary, but he was utterly unable to sketch a man. No solicitation from his little boy could ever tempt him to undertake that task. "No!" he would say; "a humming-bird is much nicer, or a shark, or a zebra. I will draw you a zebra." His biographer adds the significant comment: "Man was the animal he studied less than any other, understood most imperfectly, and, on the whole, was least interested in. At any moment he would have cheerfully given a wilderness of strangers for a new rotifer." Five thousand illustrations from nature this gifted artist and observer drew, but not a man is to be found among his drawings.

No one will deny the claims of those scientific studies which Philip Henry Gosse has surrounded with such charms for a multitude of readers. But the Puritan naturalist, who looked on Christmas as "a heathen survival to which the name of Christ had been affixed in hideous profanity," and once at dinner lifted the dish-cover, under which appeared a magnificent goose, with the words: "I need not assure you, dear friends, that this bird has not been offered to the idol," is certainly a man whose personal character and opinions will repay somewhat microscopic observation.

All the material for such a study is furnished for us by Gosse's son and biographer, who is evidently at many points the exact antipodes of his father. "I have taken it," he says, "to be the truest piety to represent him exactly as I knew him and have found him." Certainly the old naturalist who used to express his contempt for "goody-goody lives of good men," would have no reason to complain of the treatment accorded to himself in these pages. The minute, yet withal loving and admiring, analysis of his character and work, of his opinions, and his manner of life makes us familiar with the man as he lived. Sometimes, so faithful is the biographer to his method, we are almost surprised into asking can these two men be father and son? but there is no lack of hearty appreciation or of filial affection in

\* The Life of Philip Henry Gosse, F.R.S. By his Son, Edmund Gosse, Hon. M.A. of Trinity College, Cambridge. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, & Co., Ltd. 1890.

this outspoken record. Such features of the book add not a little to the eagerness with which we follow the course of a singularly instructive and fascinating biography.

Philip Henry Gosse is not the only figure that claims minute study. His father, whose skill as a miniature painter was inherited by the naturalist, was a voluminous author, who yet never managed to secure the much coveted honor of publication for one of his many manuscript tales or poems. Gosse's mother, a yeoman's daughter without education or capacity to understand literature, but with a strength of purpose and sterling sense which made her a strange contrast to her dreamy husband, was such a character as Thomas Hardy might seize upon to figure in one of his Wessex novels. Nor must we overlook the two gifted women to whom Philip Henry Gosse was married, and who both proved in their differing ways true helpers in his work. The sketch of her husband supplied by the second Mrs. Gosse as an appendix to this biography presents in its hero-worship a somewhat striking contrast to the severe candor of her stepson, but is not the less a touching tribute to his memory, written by one who filled the difficult post of stepmother with such "tact and gentleness and devotion through no less than thirty years" that she is called in these pages "that good genius of our house."

The Gosse family are said to have come over from France at the time of the Restoration. They settled at Ringwood, Hampshire, where the naturalist's grandfather, William Gosse, was a wealthy cloth manufacturer. The Gosses had carried on this business from the reign of Charles II. William Gosse had Welsh estates, which led to his being chosen high sheriff of Radnorshire, and he was in his day a local magnate at Ringwood. The introduction of machinery, which changed all the conditions of woollen manufacturing, much reduced his fortune. When he died there was little left for the naturalist's father, the eleventh of William Gosse's twelve children.

Thomas Gosse was then nineteen. He studied at the Royal Academy schools, under Sir Joshua Reynolds, and afterwards gained a somewhat precarious living as a mezzotint engraver; destitute of ambition or energy, and without a spark of business faculty, he grew familiar with disappointment and "sank lower and lower into the depths of genteel poverty." His scanty patrimony was soon exhausted, and

when the fashion for mezzotints passed he turned his attention to miniature painting, strolling among the country towns in his search for clients. Long practice as an engraver had taught him to draw with accuracy, and his best work had a certain delicate charm of color, but even at its best it lacked distinction, and Gosse was not the man to advertise himself, or carve out his road to fortune.

Such was the man who in the spring of 1807 stepped out of the Bath coach on its arrival at Worcester. His clothes spoke of waning respectability, his somewhat rueful countenance told the story of its owner's disappointments. He was in his forty-third year, tall and thin, with hair prematurely grey. Besides the box which contained colors, brushes, and leaves of ivory — his stock in trade as a miniature portrait painter — he had a slender wardrobe with two books, his Bible and his Greek Theocritus, "which never quitted him, but formed, at the darkest moments of his career, a gate of instant exit from the hard facts of life into an idyllic world of glowing pastoral antiquity."

Thomas Gosse was "ready to despair of life," as he entered the old cathedral city. But a change was coming over his lonely bachelor existence. At the house of his particular friend and patron, Mr. Green, Gosse met a girl of twenty-six, who had recently entered the family as "half lady's maid, half companion." Hannah Best came from Titton Brook, near Stourport, where her father was a small yeoman. Mrs. Best's tongue and temper were the scourge of that household. She would sometimes whip off her high-heeled shoe, and administer personal chastisement to her grown-up daughters. Smarting under such an outrage, Hannah had fled to Worcester. To the student of Theocritus, the girl's beauty, strength, and rusticity made her appear like a Sicilian shepherdess who had stepped out of the old poet's pages. Gosse fell hopelessly in love. The girl shrank from the addresses of one so much older than herself. But she soon learned to appreciate his character, and to see what a door of escape the marriage opened to her in her present anomalous position. The oddly assorted couple were therefore married at St. Nicholas Church, Worcester, on July 15, 1807.

They at once set out together on pilgrimage. The omens were sadly discouraging, for at Gloucester — their first halting place — no one could be found to sit for a portrait. They fled in panic to



Bristol, where affairs proved more favorable. Here their first son, William, was born in the following April. Two years later, on April 6, 1810, when they had returned to Worcester, the future naturalist "was born in lodgings over the shop of Mr. Garner, the shoemaker, in High Street." After two or three years' experience of this migratory life, the young wife opened a grocer's shop on her own account at Leicester. Here she remained whilst her husband set out on a tour through the west of England. Before he returned she had, however, discovered her own unfitness for the life of a shopkeeper, and was ready to accompany her husband to Poole, where three of his married sisters were living, and where it seemed as though there would be some chance of success for the struggling artist. In June, 1812, the family had taken furnished lodgings in the Old Orchard, at Poole.

The prosperous little seaport, with its red brick houses, had then a population of six thousand people. Its busy quay, with merchants, sailors, and fishermen bustling about, and piles of salt cod, barrels of train oil, and stores of fresh fish, was full of never flagging interest for the observant boy, who grew up in the midst of this ever-changing life. "Pilots, fishermen, boatmen of various grades, a loose-trousered, guernsey-frocked, sou'westered race, were always lounging about the quay."

The father soon had to start again on his rounds, but not before his family had been safely housed at No. 1 Skinner Street. His prosperous sisters helped with the furnishing, but did not conceal their feeling that their artist brother had married sadly beneath him. All this made things harder for the young and lonely wife. She was both superstitious and timid, so that she was glad to have her sleeping children in a crib in her parlor until it was time to go to bed. She afterwards secured some company by letting lodgings to two ladies who taught "Poonah painting," an art which they kept a profound secret from all save the young ladies whom they initiated into the mysteries of "the Indian formulas."

Philip Gosse was two years and a month old when the family moved to Poole. In travelling across country from Leicester, a visit had been paid to Mrs. Gosse's parents at Titton Brook. Philip was in his mother's arms, when he saw a team of oxen or horses pass along the main road, guided by the driver's cry: "Gee, Captain! Wo, Merryman!" "These two

names," he said long afterwards, "I vividly recollect, and the whole scene." This was the first instance of the powers of memory and observation, which were afterwards so conspicuous in Gosse's work as a naturalist.

Another reminiscence may be referred to because it describes an experience which Gosse's father had known as a child, and which in turn tormented his son also: "I suffered when I was about five years old from some strange, indescribable dreams, which were repeated quite frequently. It was as if space was occupied with a multitude of concentric circles, the outer ones immeasurably vast, I myself being the common centre. They seemed to revolve and converge upon me, causing a most painful sensation of dread. I do not know that I had heard, and I was too young to have read, the description of Ezekiel's 'dreadful wheels.'"

The boy's love of nature awoke early. He had formed a friendship with a nephew of a lodger who had taken the place of the Poonah painters. This was John Hammond Brown, who, like Philip Gosse, found greater pleasure in a book than in a game with other boys. They eagerly studied the plates of animals in the "Encyclopædia Perthensis," and after a time began to copy them. An Aunt Bell, the wife of a Poole surgeon, who had a taste for natural history, was his first guide. When he found any interesting specimen the boy took it off to her for information. Gosse thus began to study the transformation of insects, and learned something about the sea anemones which he found around the quay at neap tides. Mrs. Bell also taught him to keep the anemones in a jug of sea-water, little thinking that her young pupil was by and by to make the aquarium a popular scientific toy in England.

Gosse's mother looked somewhat askance on these boyish hobbies, and was terribly frightened when some green lizards were brought home as a treasure in her elder son's handkerchief. She regarded them as venomous, and ordered them, to the great grief of the young naturalist, to be instantly despatched.

Mrs. Gosse had a struggling life. Her husband was not at home more than a month or two in the year. His scanty earnings were largely spent on himself, yet the mother managed to keep her four children clean and neat, "sufficiently fed and decently educated." She had a horror of debt, and her rent was, with the rarest exception, paid on the very day it

was due. She was a striking contrast to her painter spouse, and the widening alienation between them in thought and feeling, though much to be regretted, was almost unavoidable. His ambition for authorship she looked upon as a craze which interfered with his legitimate work. She "waged incessant and ruthless war against it, scrupled not to style it 'cursed writin'," and scolded him whenever she found him at it." In later years the old man used to point to his son: "But there's Philip, he writes books; you don't find fault with him!" "Philip! no," said the wife; "his books bring in bread and cheese for you and me! When did your writings ever bring in anything?" The would-be author could only close the discussion with his favorite exclamation: "Pooh! my dear!"

When finishing a miniature in the back parlor Gosse would sometimes lay down his brush and take up a poem, but if his wife's step was heard, "he would hastily whip it under his little green baize desk and set to work on the ivory," much to the amusement of his children, who watched the scene from some quiet corner. The boys eagerly awaited the Salisbury coach when it was to bring back their roving father. Speculation as to the costume in which he would appear was rife on these occasions. "Once he arrived in yellow-topped boots and nankeen small clothes; another time in a cut-away, snuff-colored coat; and once in leather breeches." It was no wonder that his hardworking, practical wife grew sarcastic as she looked at him. The artist's unvarying answer was: "Pooh! the tailor told me it was proper for me to have!" His wig drove her to extremities. He had been growing grey when they married; before he was fifty his hair was pure silver. His wife had long suspected that he wore a wig, but it had always been prudently concealed on his return to Poole. On one occasion, however, he ventured to appear in a "lovely snuff-colored peruke. My grandmother," says the biographer, "was no palterer. Her first salute was to snatch it off his head, and to whip it into the fire, where the possessor was fain ruefully to watch it frizzle and consume."

When Philip was nine he stayed for awhile near Wimborne while his mother visited her parents at Tilton Brook. Here the young naturalist found his first kingfisher's nest, and watched with eager delight "the brilliant little gem" flit above the river Stour. Next year at Swanage they found a conger eel in the hay-field, half a mile from the shore. Two years

later, the elder brother, then fourteen years old, sailed for Carbonear, in Newfoundland, where he was to be a clerk in his uncle's office. The younger brother's cleverness was already noticed at Poole. It is pleasant to find that his mother, with all her limitations, saw that the boy must have the best education she could afford. She therefore managed to procure admission for him into the school at Blandford. His chief friend, John Brown, accompanied him. The two boys now began to make colored drawings of animals, and greatly enjoyed a visit to the town paid by Wombwell's menagerie, where they saw the South African hyena, then a great curiosity in England.

One year at Blandford gave the boy some knowledge of Latin and a smattering of Greek, which proved of great service in later years. When the straitened means of the family stopped his boarding school life, Philip returned home to pursue his studies for another year with any help he could get in Poole. He then went as a junior clerk to the counting-house of Mr. Garland, a Newfoundland merchant. His salary was twenty pounds a year. There was not enough work to keep him employed during office hours, but he was allowed to fill up his spare moments by turning over the volumes in an old book-case which stood in the counting-house. Here he found Byron's "Lara," which proved, to quote his own words, "an era to me; for it was the dawning of poetry on my imagination. It appeared to me that I had acquired a new sense."

The office closed at five, so that when his friend Brown returned from Blandford and entered a neighboring counting-house, the boys spent many a pleasant evening together, over science, music, and chemical experiments. They gave, however, their chief attention to natural history, gleaning all the information they could obtain about the size, color, and habits of birds and beasts. Gosse also made his first appearance in print with a contribution inserted in the *Youth's Magazine*, entitled, "The Mouse a Lover of Music." When the Garlands found no further use for a junior clerk, young Gosse was offered a post in the counting-house of a firm at Carbonear, in Newfoundland. He sailed on April 22, 1827. The voyage lasted forty-six days. This gave him time to finish a volume on "Quadrupeds," begun at Poole, and to prepare a journal, illustrated by colored plates, of whales spouting, porpoises leaping and plunging, icebergs, and sea-birds of various kinds.

He never forgot the daily Bible readings which his mother had enjoined upon him. No ridicule had the slightest influence over one of whom his biographer could write that then, as always, "his conscience was a law to him, and a law that he was prepared to obey in face of an army of ridicule drawn up in line of battle."

He found Carbonear a more important town than he had expected. The Labrador fishing fleet, consisting of seventy schooners, was just about to start on its usual expedition. After it sailed, the new clerk took his place in the counting-house. Here is his own description of himself: "I was thoroughly a greenhorn; fresh from my Puritan home and companionships; utterly ignorant of the world; raw, awkward, and unsophisticated; simple in countenance as unsuspecting in mind; the very quaintness of the costume in which I had been sent forth from the paternal nest told what a yokel I was. A surtout coat of snuff-brown hue, reaching to my ankles, and made out of a worn great-coat of my uncle Gosse's, which had been given to mother, enveloped my somewhat sturdy body; for I was

*Totus, teres, atque rotundus;*

while my intellectual region rejoiced in the protection of a white hat (forsooth!) somewhat battered in sides and crown, and manifestly the worse for wear."

His elder brother, then rejoicing in the matured wisdom of nineteen, was still at Carbonear. He presented Philip with a code of regulations for his behavior in his new surroundings, which the boy scrupulously set himself to observe. One of his fellow clerks was a William Charles St. John, who belonged to a Protestant Tipperary family, which claimed relationship both with Lord Bolingbroke and Cromwell. This bright youth, full of fun and sparkling wit, became the bosom friend of the new clerk.

The state of affairs at Carbonear was not congenial. The Protestant population lived in habitual dread of the papist Irish, who were intensely jealous of the Saxon colony. It was necessary to guard your words in such a place. The new-comer made a pert reply to a captain's question about his impressions of Newfoundland: "I see little in it, except dogs and Irishmen." An ominous silence followed. At last, his brother, who was in the company, asked: "Do you not know that Mr. Moore is an Irishman?" Fortunately the captain came to his rescue. "There's no offence; I am an Ulsterman, and love the

papist Irish no better than the rest of you." It was a lesson which Philip Gosse did not forget.

Office work was comparatively light from the middle of June, when the fleet sailed for Labrador, until the end of October, so that the young clerk was able to enjoy the brief summer. Jane Elson, his master's younger daughter, inspired the boy with his first love a few months after his arrival; but he kept his secret locked up in his own breast. She was present at the only ball Gosse attended, and he obtained the honor of escorting her home. "She took my arm; and there, under the moon, we walked for full half a mile, and not a word—literally, not a single word—broke the awful silence! I felt the awkwardness most painfully; but the more I sought something to say, the more my tongue seemed tied to the roof of my mouth." His boyish passion gradually wore off, and the young lady married a merchant at St. John's.

After twelve months at Carbonear, Gosse was sent to a new office at St. Mary's. This seemed like exile. St. Mary's had only three or four hundred residents, mostly Irish laborers or fishermen. The managing clerk was a consequential fellow, who once told Gosse in the presence of the laborers, "You shan't be called *Mr.* Gosse any more; you shall be called plain Philip." Fortunately his clerk had an answer ready, "Very well; and I'll call you plain John." The laborers grinned approval of this well-merited snub.

After a few months in this dispiriting place Gosse returned to Carbonear. He travelled across the pathless snow with an old trapper and furrier, who regaled him with beaver's meat. "He declared to the end of his life that no flesh was so exquisite as the hind quarters of beaver roasted." The young clerk saw the otter-slides on the steep banks of a lake. Each of the otters in succession lay on its belly and slipped swiftly down the steep bank till it plunged into the water. Whilst the first was crawling up the bank again the other otters were on the slide. By the time they had enjoyed their fun the first otter was ready for another turn. The wet which dripped from their bodies froze as it fell, making a perfect gutter of ice. The old trapper had frequently seen this sport "continued with the utmost eagerness, and with every demonstration of delight for hours together." "My father used to say," adds Mr. Edmund Gosse, "that he knew no other example of adult quadru-

peds doing so human a thing as joining in a regular set and ordered game."

It was in 1832 that Gosse "suddenly and consciously became a naturalist and a Christian." He bought Kaumacher's edition of Adams's "Essays on the Microscope" at a sale of books belonging to the Wesleyan minister in Carbonear, the Rev. Richard Knight. In this quarto minute instructions were given as to the collection and preservation of insects, which led Gosse to become an entomologist in earnest. He used often to meditate on the providence which brought him so much of his life's happiness from the ten shillings spent at a booksale. The same year, as he wrote forty years later, he "definitely and solemnly yielded himself to God, and began that course heavenward, which, through many deviations and many haltings and many falls, I have been enabled to pursue, on the whole, steadfastly until now." His religion was the fruits of Wesleyan Methodism, and he found it suit well with his science. He was a "devout philosopher" to the end of his life, and he felt pleasure, when he had become a famous naturalist, in contributing articles to the pages of this review, with whose editor five-and-twenty years ago, he had some friendly acquaintance.

The illness of his only sister led Philip to visit England. He sailed on July 10, 1832, and found, to his unspeakable relief, that his sister was on the highroad to recovery. At four the following morning he got up to search for insects. The change from the dreary colony to the beautiful and luxuriant hedgerows, the mossy, gnarled oaks, the fields, the flowers, the pretty, warbling birds, the blue sky and bright sun, the dancing butterflies of his own county made him feel as though he were in Paradise. He did not stray three miles from Poole during his brief visit. Entomological pursuits alternated with study in the new Public Library. On the first of November he was back at Carbonear, holding the second place in the office, and filling up his leisure with his pet studies. In the year 1833 he collected three hundred and eighty-eight species, besides specimens sent to friends in England.

He was now a member of the Wesleyan Society in Carbonear. He took his place in the choir, where his elder brother played the first violin. He formed an intimate friendship with a Mr. and Mrs. Jaques, who also belonged to the Wesleyan Church, and found them a great help to him in his spiritual life. The friends were turning their eyes towards Canada,

where they thought they might do well as farmers in the region round Lake Huron. Accordingly, in June, 1835, in company with Mr. and Mrs. Jaques, Gosse left the little town where he had spent eight years. At Quebec they were persuaded to abandon their intention of settling near Lake Huron, and to take a half-cleared farm in the township of Compton, about ninety miles south of Quebec. Gosse was greatly attracted by the entomological treasures of the region. Long afterwards he wrote: "I felt and acted as if butterfly-catching had been the one great business of life." At first things promised well, but it soon became clear that they had chosen a bad location. Notwithstanding all their exhausting labor with the axe and the plough they could not make ends meet. Happily, Gosse secured an appointment as teacher during the winter months, with free board and ten pounds salary pay for twelve weeks' tuition. He was also elected a corresponding member by the Literary and Historical Society of Quebec and the Natural History Society of Montreal. All toil was forgotten as he roved the forest insect-net in hand. He was thus collecting material for his "Canadian Naturalist," the book which afterwards made him a name.

Meanwhile, success as a farmer was becoming more and more hopeless. Gosse began to ask what he should do next. He had some vague thoughts of starting a school at Poole, or seeking an opening at Philadelphia. In March, 1838, he sold his farm and stock, and turned towards the United States. The last three years, so far as finances went, had been disastrous. "He was twenty-eight years of age, and he was not possessed, when all his property was sold, of so many pounds." After four days' journey he reached Philadelphia, where he had much pleasant intercourse with leading men of science. Three weeks later he set out for Mobile in a dirty little schooner, with a surly captain and crew, who sneered much at the "Britisher." The novelty of his surroundings, however, helped the enthusiastic naturalist to forget these discomforts. At Mobile he took steamer for Alabama, and was fortunate enough to meet on board the Hon. Chief Justice Reuben Saffold, who was settling at Dallas, and wished to find a schoolmaster for the sons of himself and his neighbors. He at once engaged Gosse.

The schoolhouse stood in a clearing of about a hundred yards square, shut in by towering forest trees a hundred feet in



height. The nearest house was three quarters of a mile distant. The school-master lodged with a neighboring planter. He used to breakfast at six. "The 'nigger wenches' brought in the grilled chicken and the fried pork, the boiled rice and the homing, the buttered waffles and the Indian bread." Then the school-master naturalist snatched up his net and set off to chase butterflies before school. Work began at eight and was over at five. The place had many attractions. It proved a rich hunting ground for an entomologist; and as Gosse gained expertness with his rifle he was able to form a good collection of birds, especially of woodpeckers. Bears made serious depredations on the crops, but the squirrel was the greatest thief. An amusing story is told of a lecturer who promised to reveal an infallible remedy against the squirrel, and gathered a large company who gladly paid a considerable entrance fee. After some preliminary observations he wound up with these words: "You wish to hear my infallible preventive, the absolute success of which I am able to guarantee. Gentlemen, I have observed that the squirrels invariably begin their attacks on the *outside row* of corn in the field. *Omit the outside row* and they won't know where to begin!" The entrance money was in his pocket, he bowed himself out at the platform door, mounted his horse, and was seen no more. There was a roar of stupefaction and anger, then the audience burst into good humored laughter at themselves, and returned to their homes.

The place was in some respects far from congenial to Gosse. He found slavery "more horrible, and the discussion of it more dangerous than he had in the least degree imagined." He could only compare it to some "huge deadly serpent, which is kept down by incessant vigilance, and by the strain of every nerve and muscle; while the dreadful feeling is ever present that, some day or other, it will burst the weight that binds it, and take a fearful retribution." His religious life, however, did not suffer at Alabama. He had cast in his lot with the Methodists, and felt that he had a call to spend his life in the State as a preacher; but soon afterwards circumstances led him to leave for England, where he arrived in February, 1839.

He hoped to become a Wesleyan minister in this country, and labored for some time as a local preacher at Wimborne, where his mother was then living with her youngest son. His age, however, proved

a serious drawback, and this door closed against him, though he was, to his surprise, conscious of no disappointment at such a result. He had been drawn towards a Miss Button, daughter of a deceased Wesleyan minister; but, when Gosse's entrance to the ministry was barred, the engagement was broken off. She afterwards married a Wesleyan minister.

On June 7, 1739, Gosse set out to push his fortunes in London. He bore with him the manuscript of his "Canadian Naturalist," which, through the good offices of his cousin, Thomas Bell, a prominent member of the Royal Society, was placed in the hands of Mr. Van Voorst, the scientific publisher. Whilst his decision was pending the poor author was growing daily more impecunious. He had to content himself with a herring in his Farringdon Street attic. When the day came for him to call on the publisher he had lost all hope of a favorable reply. Mr. Van Voorst began: "I like your book. I shall be pleased to publish it. I will give you one hundred guineas for it." Poor Gosse broke into hysterical sobs at this happy sequel to his sorrows, much to the distress of the friendly publisher, who quickly brought wine and biscuits, and ministered to the overjoyed, but also overwrought and exhausted, author. For nearly fifty years the two men did business together without even a momentary disagreement. Many struggles still lay before Gosse. He endeavored to get employment as a teacher of flower-painting in private schools and families, prepared views for a history of Sherborne, and did other work. His outlook was far from promising. He got few new pupils, and was losing money, so that he began to think of returning to America. In September, 1840, however, he opened an academy, or classical and commercial school at Hackney, which had some measure of success. He brought his mother up from Dorsetshire to keep his house, and planned many a happy excursion with his scholars to the borders of Epping Forest.

In 1843 his school was reduced to eight boys. But better days were in store. He was asked to write an introduction to zoology for the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. For the two volumes he received £170. His charming book on "The Ocean," published early in 1845, brought him £120. It ran through edition after edition, and made him regret that he had parted with the copyright. A few months before it was published Gosse



went out to Jamaica to collect insects. He took up his quarters with a Moravian missionary at Bluefields, engaged a negro boy as assistant in his entomological research, and soon found congenial work. For twelve months his health was excellent, then he had a sharp attack of fever, brought on by wading in deep mud in a foetid creek. He took a little holiday, and started again, but his strength was gone, and he found it wise to return to England. He was prostrated by brain fever on the voyage, which left him very weak and wretched when he reached London, in August, 1846. His father had died whilst Gosse was going out to Jamaica, but his mother was alive and well. His success more than satisfied the zoologists who had urged him to undertake the voyage. Residence in the tropics had greatly changed him. He had gone out slight and slim; he returned thick-set, and troubled with a not altogether healthy corpulence. He had not been a month in London before he began his "Birds of Jamaica," which greatly added to his reputation. He was also busy with a series of zoological manuals for the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, which won great and deserved success.

We are now approaching a turning point in Gosse's life. When he taught school at Hackney he had been a Wesleyan class leader and local preacher. In June, 1842, Mr. Habershon, who had two sons under Gosse's care, sent him his "Dissertation on the Prophetic Scriptures." The book took great hold upon him. "The destruction of the Papacy, the end of Gentilism, the kingdom of God, the resurrection and rapture of the Church at the personal descent of the Lord, and the imminency of this — all came on me that evening like a flash of lightning. My heart drank it in with joy. I found no shrinking from the nearness of Jesus." He at once began the practice of praying that he might be one of the favored saints who should be alive at the coming of Christ, which he continued for forty-six years. His grey hairs found him still praying. It is truly pathetic to find how the non-fulfilment of his prayers disappointed him. "It undoubtedly was connected with the deep dejection of his latest hours on earth." Such a story may well point a warning against millenarianism.

About the time he read Mr. Habershon's book one of his friends, also a Wesleyan class leader at Hackney, introduced him to his brother, Mr. William Berger, who belonged to the Plymouth Brethren.

Gosse cast in his lot amongst them. Soon after his return from Jamaica, at the Hackney meeting of the "Brethren," he met a lady of American parentage — Miss Emily Bowes. Her father had wasted a large fortune, so that the household was now in reduced circumstances. The daughter had received a liberal education, and had shown no little pluck in the downfall of the family fortunes. She was now, at the age of forty-three, keeping house for her parents in Clapton. But for her pallid and much freckled skin, we are told that Emily Bowes would still have been "a very pretty woman." She had published two little volumes of religious poems. This lady soon attracted Philip Gosse's attention "by her wide range of knowledge and by her literary tastes." One Sunday evening in September, 1848, he proposed to her as they stood together at her gate. They were married at Tottenham on November 22.

There was no time even for a day's honeymoon. It was rather a trying year for the new wife. Mrs. Gosse had little in common with her uneducated mother-in-law, but she was allowed to creep into her husband's study, where he worked in silence and solitude, and where she sat, feeling the unwonted silence a heavy burden. In the following June Gosse made his first independent examination of a rotifer, and was soon deep in microscopic work. This was the situation when his son and biographer first saw the light. We must quote the amusing record of this event: "In the midst of all this, and during the very thrilling examination of three separate stagnations of hemp seed, poppy seed, and hollyhock seed, his wife presented him with a child, a helpless and unwelcome apparition, whose arrival is marked in the parental diary in the following manner: 'E. delivered of a son. Received green swallow from Jamaica.' Two ephemeral vitalities indeed, and yet, strange to say, both exist. One stands forever behind a pane of glass in the Natural History Museum at South Kensington; the other, whom the green swallow will, doubtless, survive, is he who now puts together these deciduous pages."

Gosse was now in fairly comfortable circumstances. His books brought him in a modest income, and a relative of his wife's had left them a helpful legacy. His "Naturalist's Sojourn in Jamaica," published by Longman in October, 1851, received a warm welcome from such men as Darwin, Richard Owen, and Bishop Stanley. He had actually published thir-

teen books since his return from Jamaica, little more than five years before. It was no wonder that his health suddenly gave way. He feared that it was paralysis, but the doctors pronounced his complaint to be acute nervous dyspepsia. This illness drove him to the seaside. He could not "read or write, and to put his eye to the microscope was agony." It was a great joy when the family found their way to South Devon. Gosse spent much of his time on the shore, "chipping off fragments of rock bearing fine seaweeds and delicate animal forms." He preserved them in vases and open pans, and as soon as strength returned set to work to describe them in a new volume. When they removed from Torquay to Ilfracombe, Gosse found a still richer field. His notes, taken with lens in one hand and pen in the other, were gathered into "A Naturalist's Ramble on the Devonshire Coast," which was finished at the end of 1852. This volume contained a large number of colored plates, so that it was an expensive book to produce, but Gosse had determined to be his own publisher, and the result abundantly justified his decision. "The Devonshire Coast" yielded more than £750. The naturalist was now pressed to lecture. He chose the subject of sponges, on which he was then busy, and illustrated it by chalk sketches on the black-board. For the next four or five years he became widely known as a popular lecturer.

In December, 1852, the Zoological Society enlisted his services in stocking seven tanks with marine animals and plants. He sent off every evening some seventy or eighty specimens from Weymouth for the Zoological Gardens. These happy months have found record in his "Aquarium," which tells of his dredging expeditions, and describes the way to prepare and stock a marine aquarium. This volume, with its wealth of colored plates, was Gosse's most successful venture. It sold like "wildfire," and yielded its author more than £900 profit. In July, 1853, a happy correspondence began with Charles Kingsley, which soon ripened into close friendship and co-operation. Kingsley sent Gosse many specimens, and did his best to popularize the marine aquarium. His review of Gosse's book on the "Aquarium" was afterwards expanded into his delightful volume "Glaucus; or the Wonders of the Shore." He also helped to collect a band of enthusiastic ladies and gentlemen, who spent an hour or two a day on the shore at Ilfracombe with Gosse,

studying natural history and hunting for specimens.

In the midst of his honor and success, Mrs. Gosse was seized with cancer. She shrank from an operation, and turned to an American who professed to cure the terrible disease by a new process. Under his treatment she, like too many others, suffered horribly without benefit. She sank under her agony in February, 1857. Her husband published a "memorial" volume, which sketched the course of the illness with dreadful minuteness, and in an "acrid and positive" style, which greatly grieved his friends. But whilst his son says that it is exceedingly difficult to describe this book, "so harsh, so minute, so vivid are the lines, so little are the customary conventions of a memoir observed," he shows that this was not due to any want of love, but rather to the morbid and unstrung condition into which he had fallen.

In this same year, 1857, Gosse found the home where he spent the last thirty years of his life. This was at the village of St. Marychurch, near Torquay. His "Omphalus; an Attempt to Untie the Geological Knot," was published a few weeks later. It was a protest against evolution, with a pet theory of the author's as to creation. Every living object, he argued, has an omphalus — an egg or seed — which points to the previous existence of a living object of the same kind. God, he said, produced all things full grown. The teeth of brutes were broken as though they had already lived many years; trees appeared as if they had shed bark and leaves; even the geological strata indicated buried fauna and flora which had never really seen the sun. Gosse was naturally charged with teaching that God had thus intended to deceive. Kingsley wrote a kind but vigorous protest to his friend. "I would not," he said, "for a thousand pounds put your book into my children's hands." Gosse defended his position, but few even of those who do not accept the evolutionary theory would endorse his startling hypothesis. He printed a large edition of the book, but the greater part of it was left on his hands.

The change to Devonshire soon set Gosse free from this morbid mood. He was busy with his "History of British Sea-Anemones and Corals;" "Evenings at the Microscope;" "Romance of Natural History," and other work. The chapter on "The Sea Serpent" in the last of these volumes created quite a stir, and the

book itself is one of Gosse's happiest efforts. A few days before its publication the naturalist had married Miss Eliza Brightwen who, as wife and mother, brought much happiness to the lonely naturalist and his son. She had attended the little meeting-house where Gosse preached every Sunday, and soon became an enthusiastic admirer of him and his teaching. We owe to this lady a happy sketch of Gosse's home life, and of his care for his little flock. It is not easy to understand from Mr. Edmund Gosse's narrative the reason for the sudden lull in his father's activities which succeeded the publication of "A Year at the Shore," which appeared in *Good Words* for 1864, but Mrs. Gosse tells us that at this time she had a considerable accession of property, which saved her husband from the necessity of lecturing or writing.

He busied himself with his flock at the meeting-house, and became a zealous cultivator of orchids; he also had some happy correspondence with Darwin, who was glad to avail himself of Gosse's wide experience as an observer of nature. In November, 1875, his interest in the shore revived, and he had an ingenious reservoir constructed, which gave him great pleasure. He also assisted Dr. Hudson, of Clifton, in the preparation of his two splendid volumes on the "Rotifera" — a task which gave the old naturalist great satisfaction. In March, 1888, his health broke down, and after five months of "great weariness and almost unbroken gloom," he died on August 23, 1888, at the age of seventy-eight years.

Few men have done more to popularize natural history than Philip Henry Gosse. He was not only an observer of the first rank; he knew how to describe common objects in a way that delighted ordinary readers; he was also a skilled draughtsman, both rapid and exquisitely accurate in his work. His son says he would return exhausted and wet through from his rambles on the shore, bearing in triumph some delicate and unique creature which could only live for an hour or two. With this he would march to his study, regardless of dinner or rest, and adroitly mounting his treasure on a glass plate under the microscope, would immediately prepare an elaborate colored drawing. What wonder that such an enthusiast communicated his passion for nature to a multitude of readers?

Gosse was one of the most whole-hearted of Christians. His "Confession of Faith" bears witness to his entire ac-

ceptance of the Bible as the "religion of Protestants," without reserve or modification. He knew God's word as few men do. He was essentially self-centred, and soon lost confidence in the Plymouth Brethren. For thirty years he was unconnected with any Church, and spoke of his own little flock, somewhat arrogantly, as "the Church of Christ in this parish." The same spirit showed itself in his somewhat short-lived friendships; but with all his limitations, Philip Henry Gosse must be acknowledged as a man of lofty character and unflinching integrity, whom both science and religion will unite to hold in honor.

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From Macmillan's Magazine.

#### ENGLISH WAR-SONGS.

IT has been admitted by a rather reluctant world, — at least since the days of Marmontel who gave three particularly exquisite reasons for the fact — that the English excel in poetry; and it is most scholastically true that he who excels in a subject shows his excellence best in treating the best parts thereof. Now of ancient times it has been laid down in various fashions that the two things best worth doing in this world are fighting and love-making; and though the curious little sectarian heresy which calls itself the modern spirit no doubt regards the doctrine as a barbarous and exploded crudity, it is not at all improbable that it may see many modern spirits now. Therefore poetry being, as we have all learned, a criticism of life, and these two things being at least among the most notable and interesting things of life, it will follow that poetry will busy itself best with them. Further yet, I have been told that the natives of India, who have had some opportunity of observing us, declare that an Englishman is never happy unless he is doing either one or the other, — sport being included as partaking of both. Therefore, yet once more, we shall conclude that English poetry ought to sing well about them. As a matter of fact it does. With the one branch we have nothing here to do, and indeed no human being could discuss it in the compass of a single article. The war-song or war-poem, however, is by no means so unmanageable, and with it I may attempt to deal. And let it be stated at the outset that, if I do not begin at what some excellent persons think the beginning, it is not out of any

intention to insult them. There is good fighting in Beowulf; but the average Englishman (I think not thereby forfeiting his national claim to good sense) absolutely declines to regard as English a language scarcely a word of which he can understand. For my own part I cannot see why if I am to draw on this Jutish Saga (or whatever it is) I may not equally well reach my hand to the shelf behind me, take down my "Corpus Poeticum Boreale," and draw on that; of which things there were no end. Therefore let these matters, and the song of Brunanburh, and all the rest of it, be uncontentiously declined, and let us start from what the plain man does recognize as English, that is to say from Chaucer.

I have before now ventured to question the wisdom of making pretty philosophical explanations of literary phenomena, and I do not purpose to spend much time in asking why in the earliest English poetry (as just defined) there is hardly anything that comes within our subject. Five very simple and indisputable facts,—that our Norse ancestors fought and sang of fighting, both in the most admirable fashion; that the great heroes of the Hundred Years War did not apparently care to sing about fighting at all; that Elizabeth's wars gave us indirectly one of the few war-songs of the first class, Drayton's ballad of Agincourt; that the English Tyrtaeus during the desperate and glorious War of the Spanish Succession could get no further than Addison's "Campaign," and that the Revolutionary struggle drew from a poet, not of the first rank, three such masterpieces as "Hohenlinden," "Ye Mariners of England," and "The Battle of the Baltic"—five such facts as these, I think, should deter any one who has not a mere mania for reason-making from indulging in that process on this subject. The facts are the facts. There is much excellent literary description of fighting in Chaucer, but it is distinctly literary; there is nothing of the personal joy of battle in it. Eustache Deschamps was an infinitely inferior poet to Master Geoffrey, yet there is far more of the real thing in this particular way in "Ou temps jadis estoit-cy Angleterre," than in any poetical compatriot and contemporary of the conquerors of Cressy. In the next century we have, so far as I know, nothing at all to match the admirable anonymous "War-song of Ferand de Vaudemont." The Scotch literary poets are a little better, though not very much; but if we could attach any definite

date to most of the Border and other ballads, we should be able to say when some of the most admirable fighting poetry in the world was written. Most of them, however, are so thoroughly shot and veined with modern touches that no man can tell where to have them. For the actual spirit of mortal combat it is probably impossible to surpass the two stanzas in "Fair Helen."

As I went down the water side,  
None but my foe to be my guide,  
None but my foe to be my guide  
On fair Kirkconnell Lea;

I lighted down my sword to draw,  
I hachéd him in pieces sma',  
I hachéd him in pieces sma',  
For her sake that died for me!

There is real *Berserk-gang* there; and yet the poem, and even the passage, distinctly shows the influence of the eighteenth century, to say no more. In its present cast and shape the whole of this ballad question is a mere labyrinth. I do not know a more disheartening study than that of Professor Child's magnificent volumes, with their endless variants which make a canonical text impossible. Therefore, despite the admirable fighting that there is in them, they will help us little.

Skelton Skeltonizes in this as in other styles; but the "Ballad of the Doughty Duke of Albany and his Hundred Thousand Scots" is a mere piece of doggerel brag, utterly unworthy of the singer of "My Maiden Isabel" or even of the author of "Elinor Rummig." The honor of composing the first modern English war-song has been recently, and I think rightly, given to Humphrey Giffard, whose "Posy of Gilloflowers," published in 1580, just before the overture of the "melodious bursts that fill the spacious times of great Elizabeth," contains a quaint and rough but really spirited piece, "To Soldiers," in this remarkable measure:—

The time of war is come, prepare your corslet,  
spear, and shield;  
Methinks I hear the drum strike doleful  
marches to the field,  
Tantara, tantara the trumpets sound, which  
makes men's hearts with joy abound:

The warning guns are heard afar and every-  
thing announces war.  
Serve God, stand stout: bold courage brings  
this gear about;  
Fear not, forth run: faint heart fair lady never  
won.

This, it must be admitted, needs a good deal of licking into shape as regards form,

— as regards spirit it has the root of the matter in it. Nor does the quaint prosaic alloy which so frequently affects the English as compared with the Scotch ballad prevent "The Brave Lord Willoughby" from being a most satisfactory document. The businesslike statement how, after that unluxurious meal of dead horses and puddle-water,

Then turning to the Spaniards  
A thousand more they slew,

is no doubt destitute enough of the last indefinable touch which can transform words quite as simple and inornate into perfect poetry. But it misses it very narrowly, and almost provides a substitute by its directness and force.

I do not know, however, that the real joy of the thing is to be found anywhere before that wondrous "Battle of Agincourt to the brave Cambro-Britons and their Harp," which Michael Drayton, an Englishman of Englishmen and a poet whose wonderful versatility and copiousness have caused him to be rated rather too low than too high, produced in the early years of the seventeenth century. With the very first lines of it the fit reader must feel that there is no mistake possible about this fellow : —

Fair stood the wind for France  
When we our sails advance,  
Nor now to prove our chance  
Longer would tarry:  
But putting to the main,  
At Caux the mouth of Seine,  
With all his martial train  
Landed King Harry.

There is no precedent for that dash and rush of metre; and if we look for followers it will bear the contrast as happily. The most graceful and scholarly poet of America, the greatest master of harmonies born in England during the present century, have both imitated it. If "The Skeleton in Armor is delightful," and "The Charge of the Light Brigade" (with its slight change of centre of gravity in the rhythm) consummate, what shall be said of this original of both? I know an enthusiast who declared that he would have rather written the single line "Lopped the French lilies" than any even in English poetry except a few of Shakespeare's. This was doubtless delirium, though not of the worst kind. But the intoxication of the whole piece is almost unmatched. The blood stirs all through as you read : —

With Spanish yew so strong  
Arrows a cloth-yard long  
That like to serpents stung  
Piercing the weather:  
None from his fellow starts,  
But playing manly parts  
And like true English hearts  
Stuck close together.

I always privately wish that he had written "Shot close together," but why gild the lily? Still better is that gorgeous stanza of names : —

Warwick in blood did wade,  
Oxford the foe invade,  
And cruel slaughter made  
Still as they ran up:  
Suffolk his axe did ply,  
Beaumont and Willoughby  
Bare them right doughtily,  
Ferrers and Fanhope.

For some time it seemed as though the question with which the poem closes : —

Oh! when shall English men  
With such acts fill a pen?

was to be answered rather by the acts than by the pen. As few songs as triumphs wait on a civil war, and though Montrose might have done the thing he did not. The dishonest combats of the seventeenth century had to wait a couple of hundred years for their laureate and then he appeared on the wrong side. For even Mr. Browning's "Cavalier Tunes" are not as good as "The Battle of Naseby" which, cavalier as I am, I wish I could think was "pinchbeck." No man perhaps ever lived who had more of the stuff of a Tyrtæus in him than Dryden; but his time gave him absolutely no subjects of an inspiriting nature and did not encourage him to try any others. The "Annus Mirabilis" is fine enough in all conscience; but "Come if you dare," and parts of "Alexander's Feast" show what might have been if the course of events had been more favorable. To tell the honest truth, the cause was generally too bad in those fights with the Dutch, and the fights themselves (though we very properly call them victories) were too near being defeats, to breathe much vigor into the sacred bard; while for some fifty years of Glorious John's manhood, from the battle of the Dunes to his death, there was no land fighting that could at once cheer an Englishman and commend itself to a Jacobite. In luckier circumstances Dryden was the very man to have bettered Drayton and anticipated Campbell.

When he was dead there was no more question of anything of the kind for a very



long time. The passage about the angel in Mr. Addison's poem is undoubtedly a very fine one. But the essence of a war-song or even a war-poem is that it should stir the blood; and this stirs it just to the extent that is necessary to secure a mild *very good! very clever!* It was really a pity. Cutts is not such a pretty name as Ferrers or Fanhope; but the Salamander did deeds of arms of which not the greatest of bards need have disdained to be laureate. Blenheim was most undoubtedly a famous victory; the battle, such as there was of it, at Ramillies was of the best kind; and as for Malplaquet, it ranks for sheer ding-dong fighting, and on a far larger scale, with Albuera or Inkerman. But sing these things our good fathers could not. Yet they tried in all conscience. It is a rough, but very sufficient test to take the copious anthology of anthologies which Mr. Bullen has recently edited in half-a-dozen volumes for the beginning of the seventeenth century and the last years of the sixteenth, the collections variously called "*Musarum Deliciæ*" and the "*State Poems*" for the middle of the seventeenth, and the odd sweeping together of poetry, sculduddery, music, doggerel verse of society and what-not which Tom D'Urfey made out of the songs of his time for the end of the seventeenth and the beginning of the eighteenth. In the first and second divisions we shall find hardly any warlike verse; the third bristles with it. The six volumes of the "*Pills to Purge Melancholy*" lie beside me as I write, plumed with paper slips which I have put in them to mark pieces of this sort. The badness of them (a few lines of Dryden's, and one or two not his, excepted) is simply astounding, even to those who have pretty well fathomed already the poetic depths of the late seventeenth and early eighteenth centuries. They cover the whole period of William of Orange's stout if not successful fights, and of the almost unparalleled triumphs of Marlborough; yet there is never a touch of inspiration. The following is on the whole a really brilliant specimen:—

Health to the Queen! then straight begin  
To Marlborough the Great and to brave  
Eugene,  
With them let valiant Webb come in,  
Who lately performed a wonder.  
Then to the ocean an offering make,  
And boldly carouse to brave Sir John Leak,  
Who with mortar and cannon Mahon did  
take  
And make the Pope knock under.

Here is an effort on Oudenarde:—

Sing mighty Marlborough's story!  
Mars of the field,  
He passes the Scheldt,  
And to increase his glory,  
The French all fly or yield.  
Vendosme drew out to spite him  
Th' Household troops to fright him,  
Princes o' the blood  
Got off as best they cou'd  
And ne'er durst return to fight him.

Malplaquet inspires a yet nobler strain:

Monsieur! Monsieur! Leave off Spain!  
To think to hold it is in vain,  
Thy warriors are too few.  
Thy Martials must be new,  
Worse losses will ensue,  
Then without more ado  
Be wise and call home petite Anjou!

At a still earlier period "The two Glorious Victories at Donawert and Hochstet" had stirred up somebody to write, to a tune by Mr. Corbet, Pindaricks to this effect:—

Old Lewis, must thy frantic riot  
Still all Europe vex?  
Methinks 'tis high time to be quiet  
Now at sixty-six.

There is a little more spirit in a ditty beginning:—

From Dunkirk one night they stole out in a  
fright—

but it is political rather than battailous; and for a purely and wholly deplorable failure of combined loyal and Bacchanalian verse, I hardly know the equal of the following:—

Then welcome from Vigo  
And cudgelling Don Diego,  
With — rapsallion  
And plundering the galleons.  
Each brisk valiant fellow  
Fought at Redondello,  
And those who did meet  
With the Newfoundland fleet.  
Then for late successes  
Which Europe confesses  
At land by our gallant Commanders,  
The Dutch in strong beer  
Should be drunk for one year  
With their Generals' health in Flanders!

I do not know how long the reader's patience will hold out against this appalling doggerel, which represents the efforts of the countrymen of Shakespeare and Shelley under the influence of victories which might have made a Campbell of "hoarse Fitzgerald." There is plenty more if any one likes it. I can tell him how the victory over the Turks proved that

Christians thus with conquest crowned,  
Conquest with the glass goes round,  
Weak coffee can't keep its ground  
Against the force of claret.

How

The Duke then to the wood did come  
In hopes Vendosme to meet,  
When lo! the Prince of Carignan  
Fell at his Grace's feet.  
Oh, gentle Duke, forbear! forbear!  
Into that wood to shoot,  
If ever pity moved your Grace  
But turn your eyes and look!

This is an extract taken from a delightful ballad in which the historical facts of Oudenarde are blended quaintly with the Babes in the Wood. Then we hear how

The conquering genius of our isle returns,  
Inspired by Ann the godlike hero burns.

We are told of Marlborough himself:—

Thus as his sprightly infancy was still inured  
to harms,  
So was his noble figure still adorned with  
double charms.

While the selection may be appropriately finished by the exordium of an indignant bard who cries

Ulm is gone,  
But basely won,  
And treacherous Bavaria there has buried his  
renown:

That strolling Prince  
Who few years since

Was crammed with William's gold!

Macaulay, who read everything at some time or other, had probably not read these when he wrote on Addison, or he would have selected some of them to point still further the contrast of "The Campaign." The poor man who wrote about the "capering beast" was a genius compared to most of the known or unknown authors of these marvellous exertions, which would seem to have been compassed after the effusion of liquor they generally recommend.

Few glories attended the British arms, on land and in Europe, from the setting of Corporal John's star to the rising of that of the duke; but the true singer, if he had been anywhere about, might have found plenty of employment with the navy. Unfortunately he was not, and his substitutes preferred to write "Admiral Hosier's Ghost," or else melancholy lines like those of Langhorne, which no human being would now remember if Scott had not as a boy remembered them in the presence of Burns.

The last name brings us to a poet who

ought to have sung of war even better than he did. As it is, there is as little mistake as possible about "Scots Wha Hae," as about "Agincourt," or "Ye Mariners of England;" while for compressed and undiluted fire it has the advantage of both. It is characteristic, however, of the unlucky rant about freedom which Burns had got into his head, that the "chains and slavery" (which really were very little ones) play an even more prominent part than that pure and generous desire to thrash the person opposed to you, because he is opposed to you, because he is not "your side," which is the true motive of all the best war-songs. This (though in neither example is there equal poetical merit) is more perceptible in the light but capital "I am a Son of Mars" of the "Jolly Beggars," and in those delightful verses of "Scotch Drink," which so did shock the delicate nerves of Mr. Matthew Arnold, and so do shock still the sensitive conscience of the modern Liberal, who thinks war a dreadful thing and carnage anything but God's daughter.

Our chief writer of war-songs, however (for Dibdin's capital songs are not quite such capital poetry), is beyond doubt or question Thomas Campbell; and a very hard nut is the said Thomas for "scientific" criticism to crack. He certainly belonged to a warlike family of a warlike nation; but he shared this advantage with some millions of other Scotchmen, and some thousands of other Campbells. The "esthopsychological" (Heaven save us!) determining cause of his temperament is not precisely or eminently apparent. He was not, as Burns was, of a romantic or adventurous disposition, being all his life a quiet literary gentleman. He was tolerably prosperous, despite his being an excessively bad arithmetician and husband of his money. He had, after early struggles, a nice little pension, a nicer little legacy, some lucrative appointments and commissions. He lived chiefly at Sydenham and Boulogne, though on his travels in Germany he did hear, and even perhaps see, shots fired in anger. He also possessed at one period three hundred pounds in bank-notes rolled up in his slippers. He was not ungenerously devoted to port wine, was somewhat less generously *not* devoted to his poetical rivals, was well looked after by his wife while she lived, and afterwards by a niece, and died on the verge of three score years and ten, if not an exceedingly happy or contented, yet on the whole a sufficiently fortunate man. He was especially fortunate in this.

that probably no man ever gained so early and kept so long such high literary rank on the strength of so small a literary performance. In the very year of his reaching man's estate the "Pleasures of Hope" seated him at once on the treasury bench in the contemporary session of the poets, and unlike most occupants of treasury benches, he was never turned off. Many far greater poets appeared during the nearly fifty years which passed between that time and his death; but they were greater in perfectly different fashions. That what may be called his official, and what may be called his real titles to his position were not the same, may be very freely granted. But he had real titles. The curious thing is that even the official titles were so very modest in volume. Setting his "Specimens of the British Poets" aside, all his literary work (which is not in itself very large outside the covers of his poems) is as nearly as possible valueless. The poems themselves, the work of a long lifetime, do not fill three hundred small pages, and those of them which are really worth much, would not, I think, be very tightly packed in thirty. The "Pleasures of Hope" itself is beyond doubt the best of that which I should not include. It is one of the very best school exercises ever written; it has touches which only a schoolboy of genius could achieve. But higher than a school exercise it cannot be ranked. The other longer poems are far below it. "Gertrude of Wyoming" has several famous and a smaller number of excellent lines; but it is as much of an artificial conglomerate, and as little of an original organism as the "Pleasures of Hope," and the choice of the Spenserian stanza is simply disastrous. "Iberian seemed his boot,"—the boot of the hero to the eyes of the heroine. To think that a man should, in a stanza consecrated to the very quintessence of poetical poetry—a stanza in which, far out of its own period and in mid-eighteenth century, Thomson had written the "Castle of Indolence," in which, before Campbell's own death, Mr. Tennyson was to write the "Lotus Eaters,"—deliver himself of the phrase, "Iberian seemed his boot!"

But by so much as "Gertrude of Wyoming" is worse than the "Pleasures of Hope," by as much is "Theodric" worse than "Gertrude of Wyoming" and the "Pilgrim of Glencoe" worse again than "Theodric." There are not more than five or six hundred lines, including as usual some good ones, in the last-named poem; but though I have just re read it

before writing this I have not the dimmest idea of what really happens. Theodric makes love to two young women, a most reprehensible though not uncommon practice, and they both die. One is named Constance and the other Julia; and the last lines of Constance's last letter to Theodric are rather pretty. She bids him not despair:—

I ask you by our love to promise this  
And kiss these words, where I have left a  
kiss;

The latest from my living lips to yours.

But they are quite the best in the poem, which is too short to have any narrative interest, and too long to possess any other. Of the "Pilgrim of Glencoe" it is enough to say that the most enthusiastic Campbellites have seldom been able to say a word for it, that it is rather in Crabbe's style than in the author's own, and that Crabbe has not to my knowledge ever written anything so bad as a whole.

Even when we come to the shorter poems almost endless exclusions and allowances have to be made. Campbell has left some exceedingly pretty love-songs, not I think very generally known, the best of which are "Withdraw not yet those Lips and Fingers," and "How Delicious is the Winning." But there is no great originality about them, and they are such things as almost any man with a good ear and an extensive knowledge of English poetry could write nearly as well. Almost everything (I think everything) of his that is really characteristic and really great is comprised in the dozen poems as his works are usually arranged (I quote the Aldine Edition) between "O'Connor's Child" and "The Soldier's Dream," with the addition of the translated song of Hybrias the Cretan and, if anybody likes, "The Last Man." Even here the non-warlike poems cannot approach the warlike ones in merit. The fighting passages of "O'Connor's Child" itself are much the best. "Glennara (which by the way ends with a line of extraordinary imbecility) is not a very great thing except in the single touch,

Each mantle unfolding a dagger displayed.

"The Exile of Erin" is again merely pretty, and I should not myself care to preserve a line of "Lord Ulin's Daughter," except the really magnificent phrase,

And in the scowl of Heaven each face  
Grew dark as they were speaking.

As a whole the "Lines written on Revisiting a Scene in Argyleshire," with their

admirable picture of the forsaken garden, seem to me the best thing Campbell did out of the fighting vein.

But in that vein how different a man he was! As a mere boy he had tried it, or something like it, feebly enough in "The Wounded Hussar;" and he showed what he could do in it, even when the subject did not directly touch his imagination, by his spirited paraphrase of the hybris fragment. His devotion to the style (which appears even in pieces ostensibly devoted to quite different subjects such as the "Ode to Winter"), is all the more remarkable that Campbell was a staunch member of that political party in England which hated the war. But it was a clear case of over-mastering idiosyncrasy. It is an odd criticism of the late Mr. Allingham's (to be matched, however, with several others in his remarks on Campbell) that his selection of Thomas Penrose's poem beginning,

Faintly brayed the battle's roar,  
Distant down the hollow wind,  
Panting terror fled before,  
Wounds and death were left behind,

shows "how tolerant a true poet like Campbell could be of the most frigid and stilted conventionality of diction." Most certainly he could be so tolerant; but his tolerance here had clearly nothing to do with the style. He was led away, as nearly everybody is, by his sympathy with the matter. Indeed before long Mr. Allingham recollects himself, and says, "Battle subjects always took hold on him." They certainly did.

I do not care much for "The Soldier's Dream" as a whole. Most of it is trivial and there is an astonishing disregard of quantity throughout, any three syllables being apparently thought good enough to make an anapaest. But the opening stanza is grand:—

Our bugles sang truce, for the night-cloud had  
lowered,  
And the sentinel stars set their watch in the  
sky;  
And thousands had sunk on the ground over-  
powered,  
The weary to sleep and the wounded to die.

Pictorially and poetically both, that is about as good as it can be. "Lochiel's Warning" has no single passage as good; but it is far better as a whole, despite some of the same metrical shortcomings. The immortal "Field of the dead rushing red on the sight," the steed that "fled frantic and far" (and inspired thereby one of the finest passages of another Thomas),

the hackneyed but admirable "All plaided and plumed in their tartan array," the "coming events" that a man may admire but hardly now quote—these and other things would save any copy of verses.

But still nothing can touch the immortal three—"Hohenlinden," "The Battle of the Baltic," and "Ye Mariners of England." What does it matter that no one of them is without a blemish, that "Ye Mariners" is almost a paraphrase of a good old ballad by good old Martin Parker, king of the ballad-mongers of England, that (as a certain kind of critic is never tired of telling us) there is not so much as a vestige of a wild and stormy steep at Elsinore, that to say "sepulchree" as we evidently must in "Hohenlinden" is trying if not impossible? Campbell, who is in prose a little old-fashioned perhaps and slightly stilted, but on stilts with the blood in them if I may say so, who gave his reasons for thinking the launch of a line-of-battle ship "one of the sublime objects of artificial life," deserved to write "The Battle of the Baltic." And he did more, Sempronius, he wrote it. There is not a stanza of it in which you may not pick out something to laugh or to cavil at if you choose. There is not one, at least in its final form, which does not stir the blood to fever heat. "Ye Mariners of England" is much stronger in the negative sense of freedom from faults, only the last stanza being in any serious degree vulnerable; and the felicity of the rhythm is extraordinary. The second and third stanzas are as nearly as possible faultless. Matter and manner could not be better wedded, nor could the whole fire and force of English patriotism be better managed so as to inform and vivify metrical language.

But I am not certain that if I were not an Englishman I should not put "Hohenlinden" highest of the three. It is less important "to us," it appeals less directly to our thought and sentiment, it might have been written by a man of any country,—always provided that his country had such a language to write in. Also it has a few of Campbell's besetting slips. "Scenery" is weak in the second stanza, and I could witness the deletion of the seventh altogether with some relief and satisfaction. "Sepulchre" is so exceedingly good in itself that the sense that we ought to call it "sepulchree," as aforesaid, is additionally annoying,—though by the way Glorious John would have called upon us to do the same thing without the slightest hesitation. But the poem is imitated

from nothing and so stands above "Ye Mariners;" its blemishes are trifling in comparison with the terrible

Then the might of England flushed  
To anticipate the scene,

(where the last line except with much good will to help it is sheer and utter nonsense) and other things in "The Battle of the Baltic." Moreover the concerted music of its rolling metre is unsurpassed. The triplets of each stanza catch up and carry on the sweep of the fourth line of the preceding in a quite miraculous manner; and that mixed poetic and pictorial touch which has been noted in Campbell appears nowhere so well. Although to me, as to everybody, it has been familiar ever since I was about seven years old, I never can get over my surprise at the effect of so hackneyed a word as "artillery." Indeed I knew a paradoxer once who maintained that this was due to the inspiration which made Campbell prefix "red;" "For," said he, "we are accustomed to see the Artillery in blue."

Nearly a hundred years, more fertile in good poetry and bad verse than any similar period in the history even of England, have passed since in the course of a few months Campbell sketched, if he did not finish, all his three masterpieces. The poetry and the verse both have done their share of battle-writing. Of the great poets who were Campbell's contemporaries and superiors none quite equalled him in this way; though Scott ran him hard, and Byron, never perhaps writing a war-song of the first merit, abounded in war-poetry of a very high excellence. Scott could do it better than he could do almost anything else in verse; and if volume and degrees of merit are taken together the prize must be his. Nothing can beat the last canto of "Marmion" as narrative of the kind; few things can equal the regular lyrics, of which "Bonnie Dundee" if not the best is the best known, and the scores of battle-snatches of which Elspeth Cheyne's version of the battle of Harlaw may rank first. The Lakers were by temperament rather than by principle unfitted for the style; though if Coleridge, in the days of "The Ancient Mariner," had tried it we should have had some great thing. Shelley, though a very pugnacious person, thought fighting wicked; and Keats, though he demolished the butcher, did not sing of war. Moore is not at his best in such things. In fact they have a knack of being written by poets otherwise quite

minor, such as Wolfe of the not undeservedly famous "Burial of Sir John Moore," a battle-piece surely rather than a mere dirge. The Epigoni of the great school of 1800-1830 have been on the whole more fruitful than that school itself, though nothing that they have done can quite touch Campbell in fire, and though they have never surpassed Drayton in a sort of buoyant and unforced originality which excludes all idea of the mere literary copy of verses. One of the earliest and certainly one of the best of them in this kind (for Peacock's immortal "War Song of Dinas Vawr" is too openly satirical) was Macaulay. I wish I had space here to destroy once for all (it could easily be done to the satisfaction of any competent tribunal) the silly prejudice against Macaulay's verse which, as a result of an exaggerated following of the late Mr. Arnold by critics, is still, among critics, common. In Mr. Arnold himself I suspect the prejudice to have been partly mere crotchet (for great critic as he was in his day he was full of crotchets), partly perhaps due to some mere personal dislike of the kind which Macaulay very often excited in clever and touchy young men, but partly and also perhaps principally to the fact that Mr. Arnold belonged to a generation which affected to look on war as a thing barbarous and outworn, and that he himself had no liking for and was absolutely unskilled in war verse. "Sohrab and Rustum" is in parts, and especially in its famous close, a very fine poem indeed; but of the actual fighting part I can only say "its tameness is shocking to me." Still if Mr. Arnold really disliked the "Lays of Ancient Rome" he was quite right to say so; it is not easy to be equally complimentary to those who affect to dislike them because they think it the right thing to do. Tried by the standard of impartial criticism Macaulay is certainly not a great poet, nor except in this one line a poet at all. Even in this line his greatness is of the second not of the first order, for the simple reason that it is clearly derivative. "No Sir Walter, no Lays" is not a critical opinion; it is a demonstrable fact. Granting so much, I do not see how sane criticism can refuse high, very high, rank to the said lays, and the smaller pieces of the same kind such as "Ivry" and "Naseby," and those much less known but admirable verses which tell darkly what happened

When the crew with eyes of flame brought the  
ship without a name  
Alongside the Last Buccaneer.



For the test of this kind of verse is much simpler and more unerring than that of any other. If in the case of a considerable number of persons of different ages, educations, ranks, and so forth, it induces a desire to walk up and down the room, to shout, to send their fists into somebody else's face, then it is good and there is no more to be said. That it does not cause these sensations in others is no more proof of its badness than it is a proof that a match is bad because it does not light when you rub it on cotton wool.

The still common heresy on the subject has made it necessary to dwell a little thereon. The great mass of Victorian war-poetry it is only possible to pass as it were in review by way rather of showing how much there is and how good than of criticising it in detail. Aytoun's "Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers," admirable in spirit, too often fall, so far as expression goes, into one or other of two great pitfalls, — sing-song and false notes. Moreover they are deeply in debt, not merely to Scott, but to Macaulay himself. Yet should "The Heart of the Bruce," and "The Island of the Scots" not pass unnoticed here. Lord Tennyson, whose future critics will be at least as much struck by the variety as by the intensity of his poetical talent, is excellent at it. Some otherwise fervent admirers of his are, I believe, dubious about "The Charge of the Light Brigade;" I have myself no doubt whatever, though it is unequal. Still more unequal are "The Revenge" and "Lucknow." But the quasi-refrain of the latter,

And ever upon the topmost roof our banner  
of England blew,

is surpassed for the special merit of the kind by no line in the language, though it is run hard by the passage in the former beginning

And the sun went down, and the stars came  
out far over the summer sea.

There are flashes and sparks of the same fire all over the laureate's poems, as in the splendid

Clashed with his fiery few and won

of the ode on the death of the Duke of Wellington, or the still finer distich,

And drunk delight of battle with my peers  
Far on the ringing plains of windy Troy,

and the first stanza of "Sir Galahad" and a score of others. Of Mr. Browning's fa-

mous Cavalier tunes already mentioned, "Give a Rouse" is the only one I care much for; the two others are artificial with anything but cavalier artificiality. "Hervé Riel" is not quite a war-song (albeit the art of judicious running away is no small part of war) but has more of the true spirit. "Through the Metidja" more still (for all its mannerism, it is the only successful attempt I know to give the very sound and rhythm of symbols in English verse), and perhaps "Prospice," though only metaphorically a fighting-piece, most of all. For, let it be once more repeated, it is the power of exciting the combative spirit in the reader that makes a war-song.

We shall find this power present abundantly in many poets during these last days. In hardly any department perhaps is Mr. Swinburne's too great facility in allowing himself to be mastered by instead of mastering words more to be regretted, for no one has ever excelled him in command both of the rhythms and the language necessary for the style. Even as it is the "Song in Time of Order" hits the perfectly right note in respect of form and spirit. There is plenty of excellent stuff of the sort in a book which some affect to despise, — Mr. William Morris's "Defence of Guinevere" — plenty more in his later work. Charles Kingsley ought to have left us something perfect in the manner, and though he never exactly did, "The Last Buccaneer," that excellent ballad where

They wrestled up, they wrestled down,  
They wrestled still and sore,

the opening of

Evil sped the battle-play  
On the Pope Calixtus' day,

and the last lines of the "Ode to the North-East Wind" have all the right touch, the touch which has guided us through this review. That touch is to be found again in Sir Francis Doyle's "Return of the Guards," his "Private of the Buffs," and most of all in his "Red Thread of Honor," one of the most lofty, insolent, and passionate things concerning this matter that our time has produced.

But here we are reaching dangerous ground, the ground occupied, and sometimes very well occupied, by younger living writers. It is better to decline this and close the survey. It has shown us some excellent, and even super-excellent things, some of surpassing and gigantic badness, a very great deal that is good and very good. I do not think any other lan-

guage can show anything at all approaching it, excluding of course Spanish and other ballads. Despite the excellence of Old French in this kind, and despite the abundant military triumphs of the modern nation, the modern language of France has given next to nothing of merit in it. The "Marseillaise" itself, really remarkable for the way in which it marries itself to a magnificent tune is, when divorced from that tune, chiefly rubbish. The Germans, — with one imperishable thing in the pure style, Körner's "Schwertlied" (sometimes sneered at by the same class of persons who sneer at Macaulay), and a few others, such as Heine's "Die Grenadiere" in the precincts of it — have little that is very remarkable. In these and other European languages, so far as I know, you often get war-pictures rendered in verse not ill, but seldom the war-spirit rendered thoroughly in song or snatch. Certain unpleasant ones will tell us that as the fighting power dies down, so the power of singing increases, that "poets succeed better in fiction than in fact," as Mr. Waller, both speaker and hearer being persons of humor, observed to his Majesty Charles II. on a celebrated occasion. Luckily, however, that "Ballad to the Brave Cambro-Britons and their Harp" and "The Battle of the Baltic" will settle this suggestion. It will hardly be contended that the countrymen and contemporaries of Drayton, that the contemporaries and countrymen of Campbell, had lost the trick of fighting. Look, too, at Le Brun (Pindare) and his poem on the "Vengeur," a very few years earlier than "The Battle of the Baltic" itself. Le Brun belonged to very much the same school of poetry as the author of "The Pleasures of Hope," and I do not know that on the whole he was a very much worse poet. The fictitious story of the "Vengeur" on which he wrote, and which he not at all improbably believed (as most Frenchmen do to this day) was even fresher than Copenhagen to Campbell, and far more exciting. Yet scarcely even those woful contemporaries of Corporal John, from whom I have unfilially drawn the veil, made a more hopeless mess of it than Le Brun. The spirit of all poetry blows where it listeth, but the spirit of none more than of the poetry of war. Let us hold up our hands and be thankful that it has seen fit to blow to us in England such things as "Agincourt," as "Scots Wha Hae," as "Ye Mariners of England," and a hundred others not so far inferior to them.

GEORGE SAINTSBURY.

From The Cornhill Magazine.  
CHAMONIX IN MAY.

"CHAMONIX," said Mr. Ruskin many years ago disdainfully, "is rapidly being turned into a kind of Cremorne Gardens." Mr. Ruskin's disgust is shared by many of those judicious travellers who go abroad in search of peaceful beauty, and do not care to find the society and tastes of a London suburb translated to an Alpine valley. Even thirty years ago complaints were rife of the spoiling of Chamonix, and many who knew the place in the old days are now afraid of revisiting it. The railway is supposed to have completed its destruction; and it is credibly reported that "Apollo and all the Muses" have fled the valley before the advance of the railway fiend from Geneva to Cluses. But, in the epilogue to the most recent edition of "Modern Painters," Mr. Ruskin records that he had been there again and found himself inspired as of old by its "cloudless peace." When he wrote about Chamonix-Cremorne, he must have been there in August. When he penned his epilogue two years ago, he must have been at Chamonix in the early spring or the late autumn.

The fact is, that every one goes to the Alps too late or too early. The perfect months are May (running on into June) and October (counting in a little of September); and of the two May is the more perfect. True, the weather is then a little uncertain; but, in August also, the weather can be bad, and when it is bad it is very bad. True, also, the "Alpine rose" is not yet in bloom. But, if there is none of its "rubied fire," neither is there any crowd of vulgarians to put it out. Mr. Ruskin describes somewhere how he was staying once at the Montanvert to paint Alpine roses, and had fixed upon a faultless bloom beneath a cirque of rock, high enough, as he hoped, to guard it from rude eyes and plucking hands. But he counted without the tourist horde. Down they swooped upon his chosen bed; "threw themselves into it, rolled over and over in it, shrieked, hallooed, and fought in it, trampled it down, and tore it up by the roots; breathless at last, with rapture of ravage, they fixed the brightest of the remnant blossoms of it in their caps, and went on their way rejoicing." That, of course, must have been in August. In May, the less flaunting Alpine flowers, the verdure, the clear atmosphere — all are in perfection. Indeed, the valley of Chamonix is in May practically deserted. Those who only know it as thronged by the cosmopolitan crowds of

August and September would then hardly recognize it, so quiet and peaceful is it. The hotels have just opened, and there are to be enjoyed all the advantages due to the tourist hordes with none of the drawbacks. You are not crowded out into a little back bedroom over the stables, but are given a spacious and parqueted apartment, with a splendid view on to Mont Blanc. You are not obliged to look at the fire from a respectful distance behind a surly, sleepy crowd in the *salon*, but have a pile of logs set alight solely on your own behalf by an obsequious waiter. All your movements are not reconnoitred through a telescope, and you do not find the summit of every near hill covered with broken ginger-beer bottles and sandwich papers. The fat landlord stands smiling in the doorway to receive you, instead of bustling you aside to make way for some titled grandee, as would very probably happen later on. He welcomes you as we welcome the early spring birds, heralds of summer, and, taking you aside, informs you, rubbing his hands cheerily, that "it is well monsieur has come, for the *chef de cuisine* has just arrived yesterday from Turin for the season." You realize this important fact when, half an hour later, you sit down to a triumph of the gastronomic art. Lucky mortal!—and all this grandeur is for you, and only you!

So it is worth while to go to Chamonix in May — if only for once in a lifetime — to feel "monarch of all one surveys." But there is another and stronger inducement. All nature is then at her best. The low-lying pastures are not burnt up by the sun's rays; the cascades are more abundant; the air is clearer; the freshly fallen snow gleams more brightly; while the flowers are innumerable, and the butterflies also. The droning hum of the grasshoppers makes a kind of sleepy song, to the accompaniment of "the sound of many waters." It must surely have been in May or early June that the poet wrote:

In that thin air the birds are still,  
No ringdove murmurs on the hill  
Nor mating cushat calls;  
But gay cicalas singing sprang,  
And waters from the forests sang  
The song of waterfalls.

The poor victims of the public schools cannot, of course, get away so early; that is their one privation in exchange for many greater benefits — their Polycrates's ring, forfeited to assuage Fate. But those who can do so should take their holiday early. It is true that the early-comers lose

the pleasant society of their English friends. But it is pleasant, also, to be abroad at a time when there is a chance of meeting others than the friends whom you can see every day at home. Sometimes you meet no other travellers at all; but with the last week of May, two couples arrived at our Chamonix hotel — one American, the other French. The Americans were from Philadelphia, and were very typical of their kind. They were making "the grand tour" for the sake of the husband's health. Poor fellow! he had been forty years at his business with never a holiday or even a "day off," and he had, in consequence, lost all his hair, so that he now wore a luxuriant black wig. His wife informed us in a cheerful manner that "the medical men said he'd go silly if he stayed at his desk much longer, so they'd now come away for a year's holiday, and had left the son-in-law to manage the 'business.' They'd come out, bound to see everything. There was nothing they were going to shirk now that they were over in Eu-rope." The husband was a bright, eager little man, with sharp, beady eyes. Except for the effect of his wig, he looked remarkably youthful. He was enraptured with Switzerland. They had just left Interlaken. "We've seen the Jung-fraw," he said. "Mont Blank can hardly beat *that*." They had only half a day to spare for Chamonix, and were going on by the Tête Noire in the afternoon. So, in the morning, they went out for a five minutes' walk. "We've seen it," said husband and wife triumphantly, coming back. So Chamonix was ticked off from the list, and they wended their way further. "For these good people," we thought, "even the grand new elevator railroad up the 'Jung-fraw' will be superfluous." The French couple were of a quite different type. The man was an almost exact copy of "Tartarin," and his wife was a little, fat woman, who dressed for mountaineering excursions in the extreme of Parisian fashion. These stayed only two days, and their most formidable excursion was on mules to the Glacier des Bossons. Their "start" on this occasion was very comic. The husband wore an enormous Panama hat, exactly like his wife's, trimmed with a wreath of woollen roses; he got wildly excited, and whacked his poor little mule unmercifully. Two guides, with wild cries, ran after the couple, as their *montures* tore along with them up the road.

These were our only foreign friends at Chamonix in May. But, foreigners being absent, you have a chance of making

friends with the natives. We were fortunate once in finding a friend in our sole travelling companion on the diligence from Geneva. It was a drenching downpour, and "the gates of the hills" were swathed in cruel grey rolls of mist. But a cheery voice soon came from a tall, somewhat bent, middle-aged man, wearing a peasant's blouse, who astonished us by greeting us in English, with a fine American twang. He was very communicative, and we soon discovered that he was a native of the valley who had just returned from fifteen years' work in San Francisco, having "made his pile." He was now prepared to seek a wife, buy a little homestead, and settle down for good in the old country. Accustomed to American go-ahead farming operations, he groaned terribly over the archaic methods in vogue in the valley. "Ah!" he said regretfully, as we passed one humble homestead after another—each with its rough wooden balcony, its pile of manure heaped up against the house, and its poor garden plot—"ah! I could teach them a thing or two!" He was a knowing hand, this Savoyard-Yankee. Long residence in America had not dimmed his remembrance of his countrymen's ways. At Geneva, he told us with pride, he had purchased his cotton blouse, for otherwise they would have imposed upon him as on a stranger; "and," he added, "I shall save the price of it many times before I get to Chamonix." And so it proved; for, on comparing our respective diligence fares, we found that, though we all occupied precisely the same seats in that ramshackle old vehicle, he had paid only one-third of what we had. At Sallanches he avoided the *table d'hôte* and lunched on his own account in a separate room. "Ah!" he said, on coming out, "what did you pay? Four francs! Why, I had exactly the same food as you had, but I got it for half the price." What a pity that we, too, had not invested in blue cotton blouses at Geneva! for, obviously, it is but the blouse that makes the peasant—and commands peasant prices. Our friend bore otherwise no resemblance to a rustic; he was a distinct fraud; his clothes were beyond reproach, he wore gold rings, his shirt was fine, and he fingered his napoleons with the ease of a millionaire. He was very fond of the hills; "I loved them," he said, "when I was a boy, but I hardly dared to speak of them. 'Damn the mountains!' my father would say; 'they give us no food!'"

We parted company with him at Les Ouches, and the rain increasing, our spirits

gradually sank so low that not even the free gift of one hundred days' indulgence each, from a snuffy old priest who had got in at Annemasse, could succeed in raising them. But at the inn a blazing fire, a good dinner, and Mr. King's engrossing book of travels, contented us for that night, and next day the fine weather set in and remained. And what a paradise we enjoyed! If there are days on which "the heavens seem brought down to the earth," it was surely those. We seldom made very long excursions; we often started walking without an idea in the world as to whither we were going; and yet we always in the end found ourselves at some foaming cascade, glacier, or point of view. Sometimes we spent whole days on the mountain, fragrant with aromatic scents, without meeting even a peasant in our wanderings. Only the scattered sheep and goats occasionally came up and rubbed their noses affectionately against us. Often close under the "eternal silences" of the glaciers, we gazed up to where

For a great sign the icy stair doth go  
Between the heights to heaven,

and it seemed almost sacrilege to break the stillness. Even the poets have not broken silence before Mont Blanc quite successfully. Coleridge has, perhaps, come nearest to the grandeur of his theme in the "Hymn before Sunrise," but he, too, is inadequate.

You can make no "grand ascents," of course, in May; but you will be unwise if you do not make friends with a guide or two—they are the pick of the peasants, and all the Savoyard peasants are worth knowing. They are much pleasanter than the Swiss of the Rhone valley; and, indeed, the first thing that strikes one on passing over the Tête Noire to Martigny is the curt grunt—or, oftener, stony glare—that takes the place of the pleasant *bon voyage* on the French side of the pass. It is wonderful, too, how simple and unspoiled the Chamonix people still are, considering the demoralizing tendency of the tourist crowd. In May, before the "season" sets in, they all seem unaffectedly glad to see you, and have plenty of time to talk about themselves. Our chief friend was one Séraphin Simond, of the village of La Tour; he is considered a man of property, for he keeps three cows. As a gentleman of property should be, Simond is a decided Conservative. He would have driven our Savoyard-Yankee friend of the diligence to utter despair, for to Simond every custom of the country

was "as the law of the Medes and Persians, which altereth not." Walking one day up the valley, *en route* for the Flégère, we wondered why every cow or goat pasturing in the meadows required a special attendant—either man, woman, or child—set apart for its own use; no animal being ever seen without its caretaker. We remarked to Simond that this seemed rather a waste of time and energy. "C'est bien possible!" gravely replied the owner of three cows; "mais"—and this refrain constantly came—"c'est une habitude du pays." Simond was never surprised by anything we said; he listened respectfully, but always remained of his own opinion. However, this particular instance of apparent waste of time is no doubt due to the communal system. The peasant pays so much per cow for the right of common pasturage; therefore his object is that his cow should get as much as possible from the common land and not feed on his own, nor, of course, trespass on his neighbor's. And tending cows is not by any means such waste of time as would appear, for we discovered that you can do three things at a time—mend stockings, carry a load of wood, and tend a cow. Many women knitted beside their cow; one we saw reading a book. Often small children are told off to tend cows and goats, and a pretty handful they seem to find them. At Martigny once we saw a lame old man whose cow was just like a pet dog, turning round to be patted, and even sniffing at his coat pockets for bread. Although we embarked on no very arduous excursions, Simond expressed great admiration of the powers of walking displayed by "madame." One day, as we were crossing the Mer de Glace from Montanvert, he exclaimed approvingly, "Madame grimpe comme un chamois." Madame felt flattered at this till she remembered that all the guides always said as much, on principle, to everybody. Like the children of Heine's ballad, they have probably

Made the very same speeches  
To many an old cat since.

Simond and another guide Bertrand, accompanied us to the Jardin one cloudless day. Bertrand, a tall, silent young fellow, also pretended to be lost in amazement at madame's walking. "Yes, monsieur and madame ought certainly to ascend Mont Blanc," said Simond. "Madame would do it capitably." This seemed to require confirmation. Bertrand was appealed to. He grinned, then spoke gravely: "Two good guides," he said, "can safely take

any one—any old gentleman or lady—up Mont Blanc." This was not so flattering. "It is a mere nothing of an expedition," added Simond. "It may affect madame unpleasantly at first; she will be a little sick—*le mal de montagne*—that is all; or she may turn a little black in the face. But we will get her up to the top nicely."

"Certainement, car madame a de bonnes jambes," concluded Bertrand earnestly—and critically.

*A propos* of the ascent of Mont Blanc, Simond pointed out to us a fine house with green shutters, situated high up the valley, near Argentière. This, he said, was inhabited by the well-known English lady who had married her guide after an ascent of Mont Blanc in mid-winter. Jean Charlet, the husband, was "un pauvre garçon," added Simond, and she was "très riche." Jean had been her guide for fourteen years, and they were both middle-aged—nearly forty—when they married, and that was now about ten or twelve years ago. "Had they ever ascended Mont Blanc since?" we asked. "Non, jamais. Elle fait le ménage, elle élève ses deux garçons; c'est une personne très convenable." "Are they happy?" we inquired. "Yes, very," Simond asseverated. "She must have been very strong to have gone up in winter." "Oui, c'est une dame très forte, très robuste; elle a de bonnes jambes." Bertrand no doubt imagined when he delivered the critical opinion above mentioned that all English ladies were built on the same pattern.

Our favorite halting-place on many excursions was a humble little auberge at the hamlet of Les Ouches, where they never had any kind of meat, but always excellent bread, milk, eggs, and red wine. The landlady and her husband were strong, bustling people, who had a good deal of "custom" in a small way. We noticed once a little heap of something sitting on a high chair at the door. On looking closer we imagined it to be a sickly baby; but it was the couple's only son, and it turned out that he was over twenty. It seemed that he had had a bad fever at nine years old, and in consequence of this he was all wizened and deformed, and sat all day at the door or in the chimney-corner, propped up on tiny crutches; it was a sad sight. The waiter at Chamonix, who was sympathetic and conversational, told us afterwards that the parents were *gens de bien*, and that last year, when the "conscription" came, the father was obliged, according to the regulations, to



bring the boy up to be examined "pour être soldat," and that "le père avait pleuré en l'amenant."

The story brought tears to our own eyes.

This little inn at Les Ouches was a real comfort, for the one drawback — if drawback must be confessed to Chamonix in May — was that when on many of our excursions, thirsty and tired, we longed for a refreshing drink, we were apt to find the Alpine inn on which our hopes had long been set all deserted and boarded up for the winter. Most of these high-lying inns do not open until at least the first of June, and only a disconsolate goat or two wandered about their inhospitable doors. But on one occasion, when returning sad and weary, cheated of a meal, from the deserted inn on the Col de Voza, we met an old peasant toiling up the steep hill slope to his poor little chalet, under a heavy crate filled with faggots, we told him how hungry we were, and begged him to direct us to the nearest inn. Instantly he led the way to his poor hut, brought out his rough wooden stools, placing them for us on the grassy Alp outside, and fetched all his provisions. Alas! they were only black bread, and an almost uneatable cheese made from goats' milk. No wine, no milk did he possess. "Je suis honteux," he said sadly, "d'apporter cela pour une dame, mais je suis simple paysan." We could hardly manage to bite the black

bread, but we did our best, so as not to hurt his feelings. He really seemed terribly ashamed to have nothing better to offer us. Poor *simple paysan*! alone in his solitary cabin on the far away Alp with no wife, no child, only a few goats for his companions. Two or three of the common green glazed pots of the valley stood in the windows of his hut, gay with trailing plants. The old peasant was evidently a lover of flowers; perhaps they were the sole brighteners of his solitude.

But happy, after all, is he who can confess to so few wants! Our Savoyard-Yankee, with all his latest improvements in the way of civilization, is probably the less happy man of the two. We met him again at Les Ouches, just before leaving. He was still loafing about in his blouse, and apparently teaching the rustics a thing or two, for he was followed about by a crowd of admiring little boys. He seemed less bent than before on coming back to settle in his native valley. He was so disgusted, he said, with the poor way in which they lived, and with the old-world style of agriculture. "But you will wake them up a bit, as you proposed to do," we remarked a little unkindly. "Oh, no!" he replied gloomily; "it's hopeless. I can't get them to pick up any new notion." So they will remain *simples paysans* still. The chance of learning something of these simple peasants is not the least of the charms of Chamonix in May.

THE SOLDIER OF 1854 AND 1891. — In 1854 the soldier was tightly buttoned, tightly stocked, and closely shaved, till, in consequence of comments "in those horrible newspapers," the torture was relaxed by orders from home; but I am bound to say that the infantry of that day, if they suffered for it in the flesh, looked far better than the men of 1891. The shako (or "Albert hat," as it was called), heavily as it weighed upon the head, was prettier if less martial, with all its show of brass ornament and tuft, than the *pickelhaube* worn by the 32nd and other Russian regiments on the Alma, recently copied by our army from the all-conquering Prussian. The uniforms fitted better to the men, and were of finer-looking cloth than they are now. The officer was epauletted and bestrapped, and his blue frock-coat or double-breasted swallow-tail sat closely to his figure. The Guards loomed larger and taller than they do now. They and the Fusilier regiments sported far loftier bearskins, and there were many distinctive regimental badges on shako and button. The line cavalry were much more brilliant. Hussars and horse artillery wore pelisses, and there was a brilliant display of lace and feathers

generally in all arms, and along the line the colors marked the centre of each regiment. I confess that it seems to my eye as if the days of smartness have fled from the army, with the exception of the cavalry and some special corps; but it matters little if the spirit, of which that smartness was taken to be a soldierly indication, still beats under the shapeless sack in which the frame of the warrior is encased at present.

Dr. W. H. Russell, in *Army and Navy Gazette*.

WARMING RAILWAY CARRIAGES. — The new steam-heating wagons for the Prussian State Railways have just been put for the first time on the line from Berlin to Potsdam. They are built in the form of a luggage van, are painted brown, and are marked "Heizwagen." One of these wagons is placed in the middle of the train, the steam for warming the carriages being conveyed to the latter through flexible tubing from each end of the wagon. A low chimney through the roof is provided for the smoke from the boiler furnace.

Industries.